Beaver Gen'l James A Meh 14

THE REPUBLICAN.

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JURY QUICKLY CONVICT ONE OF HOLD-UP TRIO

Theodore Koraiasen Guilty of Robbing John Roush.

HIS COMPANIONS GONE

Both Tracked to Mill Hall Where One Purchased Ticket for Pittsburgh and Other Escaped in Mountains—Search Abandoned.

It took a jury but a short time yesterday to try and convict Theodore Korniasen, a Polander, one of the three men who beat up and robbed aged John Roush, of Madisonburg, in the narrows near Millheim last week.

When arrested the suspect gave his name as Mike Kapt. A letter written by him to a foreigners' bank in New York, asking for some money he had on deposit, revealed that his name was Korniasen. On Monday Mr. Roush visited the jail and identified the prisoner as one of the three men who had held him up. Korniasen's two companions are still at large. Sheriff Lee tracked them to Mill Hall. One purchased a ticket for Pittsburgh. The other disappeared into the mountains.

At the trial yesterday Korniasen admitted having been at the hold-up but placed all the blame on his companions. He denied taking any part in robbing or attacking Mr Roush. He said he arrived in New York four months ago, worked for a time in a saloon there, later drifted to the hard coal region and while there met the two men whom he accompanied to Millheim on the day before Mr. Roush was held up. The prisoner's testimony was taken through an interpreter. The jury rendered its verdict after brief deliberation.

September Sessions of Court convened on Monday morning at 10 o'clock, Grand Jury called and sworn and Charles Bilger, lumberman, of Spring Township, selected as foreman. After being duly charged by the Court retired to their room to pass on the several bills of indictment that will be submitted to them by the District Attorney.

Before the constables made their quadrenniel report to the Court, the Court specifically called their attention to the use of cigarettes and cigarette paper by boys and the legislation covering the same, and impressing upon the minds of the Constables of the several districts their duty in relation to the enforcement of the law in this respect as well as the liquor law.

The civil list of cases for the present week as well as next week was then gone over and the following cases disposed of:

Mary D. Stonebreaker va. Centre County; appeal; continued.

John B. Stonebreaker vs. same; appeal; continued.

Burdine Butler vs. D. P. Swartz; appeal; continued at costs of plt'ff.

Same vs. John A. Nestlerode; appeal; continued at costs of plt'ff.

Samuel Markowitz vs. The Penna. R. R. company; ejectment; continued.

Samuel Grant Dale vs. Moshannon Coal Company, a corporation; trespass; continued, special.

W. S. Buddinger vs. Elmer Watson; replevin; continued.

There being no criminal cases ready for trial the first case called for trial was that of Dr. G. S. Frank vs. Overseers of the Poor of Miles Township. This case grows out of a call by one Sumner Stover of Miles Township on the plaintiff to attend his son on or about April 13, 1911. The Doctor attended him until the 19th. of April, when he discovered that the boy had an acute case of appendicitis, and an immediate operation was necessary. The father being a laboring man, claimed he couldn't pay for this, but the plaintiff proceeded, had two physicians come from Bellefonte, and the operation was performed on the 21st of April. The Doctor continued to attend the patient until he had recovered. On the 22nd of April the Doctor swore out an order of relief which was served on one of the Overseers of the Township, who never informed the plaintiff to cease attending the patient. The Doctor having made altogether 33 trips. The defense admits the service of an order of relief but claimed that the order was defective inasmuch as it was conditional, and Mr. Stover not being a pauper, and further contend that the poor district has a physician on a contract per year who was to attend the poor persons of the defendant district; and also admit that they never investigated the conditions or had sent their physician to see the patient, but further contend that they informed the plaintiff that they would not pay his bill until they would have to. The plaintiff contended that it was an emergency case and he could not cease to look after this patient until some Doctor would give the patient the necessary attention. At the close of the testimony the Court ruled that the visits by the plaintiff prior to the discovery that the patient suffered with an acute case of appendicitis could not be recovered for in this case, and submitted the case to the jury subject to a question of law reserved. On three questions of fact, whether it was an emergency case, whether the order of relief was valid, and whether the charges of the plaintiff were reasonable. Verdict on Tuesday morning in favor of the plaintiff for $97.44, subject to the question of law reserved.

Comm. vs. Dale Swartz, prosecutrix Iona Bullock, charge betrayal. Defendant plead guilty and the usual sentence was imposed.

Comm. vs. Hughes, prosecutor Fred Brooks; charged with carrying concealed deadly weapons, assault and battery with intent to kill, and assault and battery. The grand jury ignored the last mentioned count, but returned a true bill as to the first two counts. The defendant plead guilty to the first count, was remanded back to jail and will be sentenced later.

Comm. vs. Steve Sick; prosecutor Joseph Rishell; charged with assault and battery; prosecutor not appearing in court, the District Attorney suffered a voluntary noll. pros.

Comm. vs. Erma Edmunds; charged with assault and battery; prosecutrix Lottie Reish; bill ignored and the County to pay the costs.

Comm. vs. John Kobos; charged with assault and battery; prosecutrix requests a noll. pros.

Comm. vs. William Sowers, charged with desertion; prosecutrix Mary Sowers; defendant waived the finding of the grand jury and plead guilty, and was sentenced to pay the costs of prosecution, $1.00 fine, and $12.00 per month to the prosecutrix and enter into a recognizance in the sum of $500 to carry out the decree.

Comm. vs. Frank Hanna; charged with larceny; prosecutor Harry Dukeman. The facts in this case were stated in this paper at the time of the occurence and when the defendant was arrested for the taking of the bicycle, waived the finding of the grand jury and plead guilty, and was sentenced.

Comm. vs. George Miller; charged with larceny; prosecutor, E. E. Heverly. This defendant waived the finding of the grand jury and plead guilty and was sentenced sometime ago, at which time this paper gave a full accounnt of the facts.

Comm. vs. F. R. Stricker; cnarged with larceny; prosecutor, Harry Dukeman. This defendant waived the finding of the grand jury and plead guilty and was sentenced, and the facts in the case fully published in this paper at the time of the occurrence.

In the case of Charles Peters vs. Penna. R. R. Co., A. G. Price, Agent, being an appeal, plaintiff on motion suffered a voluntary non suit, with privilege to move to strike off the non suit for any legal reasons.

Comm. vs. Frank Finnegan, Earnest Shelle, and Earnest Nelson; charged with larceny; prosecutor, Samuel Rogers. This case is from Philipsburg and the three named defendants plead guilty and were remanded to jail until such time as they would be called up for sentence. Francis Orwake, the other defendant, not being arrested.

Comm. vs. W. S Erb; charged with indecent exposure; prosecutor Matthew Hemmes. Defendant waived the finding of the grand jury and plead guilty and was sentenced to pay the costs and a fine of $100.

Comm. vs. Joseph Wade; prosecutor W. R. Quick; charged with assault and battery, and according to the allegations of the plaintiff and his witnesses grows out of an altercation between the defendant and the prosecutor at Clarence on the 30th of last August; and that the assault was unprovoked while the defendant and his witnesses allege that the prosecutor urged the controversy and brought on the fight. Verdict on Wednesday morning of not guilty and dividing the costs.

Comm. vs Jerry Sowers, larceny of a horse. Verdict of not guilty.

Court adjourned last night for the week.

The Grand Jury approved one bridge in Liberty township.

Had the Right Tip.

Centre County Democrats who are applicants for jobs under the Wilson administration and who have thus far failed to "connect" should take a tip from Antonio Manzi, a foreigner in Monroe County. Antonio recently appeared before Judge Staples for naturalization, and when asked who was Governor of Pennsylvania he promptly replied. "Mitchell Palmer." His application was approved.

GARMAN HOUSE IN NEW CONTROL; PRICE, $25,000

August Glinz, of New Kensington, Purchases Hotel.

OLD MANSION NOT SOLD

Number of Properties of Garman Estate Not Disposed of at Public Sale Saturday—New Owner Expects to Personally Conduct Hotel.

Ownership of the well known Garman House in Bellefonte changed hands last week, the hotel for the first time in its history passing out of the control of the Garman family. The new owner is August Glinz, of New Kensington, Pa., who purchased it for $25,000 at the public sale of property of the Garman estate. Several others including J. MacC. Davis, present proprietor of the hotel, were bidders, but the building finally was knocked down to Mr. Glinz. The lease of Mr. Davis does not expire until April, 1914. It is understood that Mr. Glinz expects to conduct the hotel himself.

The new owner of the Garman House arrived in town several days in advance of the sale. He registered at the hotel which he later purchased. To those about the place he did not disclose his mission, nor did he make any examination of the property. When the sale was held on Saturday he appeared as a bidder and demonstrated his determination to get the property by offering the highest bid. The hotel property purchased does not include the Opera House building, in which are a number of sleeping rooms and which have been used by Mr. Davis during his management.

The only additional property sold at the sale was that occupied by Forrest Bullock, on East High Street, and which was purchased by Edwin Garman for $2400. The old Garman mansion at the corner of High and Spring Streets was put up but the highest bid was $7500 and the owners were, of course, unwilling to let it go at such a low figure.

To Pay Bounties.

The Board of Commissioners of Centre County, beginning with Monday, September 29th, will pay bounties for scalps as provided for under the Act of 1907. Payments will be made up to noon on October 13th, only. The reason for this is that on October 15th a statement of all bounty payments must be filed by the Commissioners with the Auditor General at Harrisburg. The payments will be made from Centre County's pro rata share of the $50,000 appropriated for that purpose by the last Legislature. Payments will be made only on certificates issued prior to July 25, 1913, the schedule being as follows: Wild cats, $4; foxes, $2; weasels, $1; mink, $1.

Football on Saturday.

The opening game of the football season will be played in Bellefonte at 2.45 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, next, between the Academy eleven and the Altoona apprentice team. The game will be played on the old Hughes athletic field at the glass works meadow and not on the new field on East Bishop Street. This game will afford the people of Bellefonte an opportunity to size up a number of new players at the Academy. Indications are that the Academy eleven will be exceptionally strong this year.

Fire Destroyed Barn.

On Friday of last week fire completely destroyed the barn on the farm of John Dolen, in Gallagher township, about eight miles from Lock Haven. All of the contents of the building were also burned. Fortunately the stock escaped, having been left in the field for the night, but the season's crops and farm implements were lost. Mr. Dolen had about $1200 insurance.

Had Both Legs Crushed.

While workinff on the New York Central railroad, at Orviston, last Friday evening, R. R. Cloud, a flagman, of Jersey Shore, had both legs crushed by a locomotive. He was about to step onto the pilot of the locomotive when he missed his footing and fell. One leg was crushed above and the other below the knee. Both legs were amputated.

Retires as Candidate.

Willard Hall, recently nominated on the Washington ticket for tax collector of Bellefonte borough, has retired from the field.

Such impertinence! The new Surveyor of the Port didn't consider it necessary to come home and vote.

OFFICIAL COUNT SHOWS NO CHANGES IN VOTE

Tabulation of Returns by Commissioners Completed.

KEPHART IS HIGH MAN

Cambria County Lawyer Carried the County for Superior Court Judge—Doctors Huff, Sebring, and Locke Nominees for Coroner.

The official count of the vote in Centre County at the recent primaries revealed no material changes in results as indicated by the unofficial count. The complete tabulation of the vote for candidates for Superior Court Judge placed Webster Grim and John W. Kephart in the lead out of a field of fifteen aspirants. Kephart's vote was 589 and that for Grim was 554.

The official count for Coroner showed that Dr. S. M. Huff had been nominated on the Republican ticket, with Dr. John Sebring as the Democratic nominee and Dr. M. J. Locke chosen on the Washington ticket. The official vote for candidates follows:

Judge of Superior Court.

James Alcorn, 281.
Herbert T. Ames, 342.
George W. Bacon, 115.
Cornelius Comegys, 34.
Harry K. Daugherty, 56.
Oliver B. Dickinson, 117.
Elwood D. Fulton, 43.
James M. Galbreath, 124.
Webster Grim, 554.
John J. Henderson, 73.
John W. Kephart, 589.
Edmund E. Kiernan, 42.
James B. Reilly, 47.
Paul Reilly, 27.
William D. Wallace, 33.

REPUBLICAN.

State Committeeman—J. Linn Harris, 1190; W. F. Smith, 1.

Jury Commissioner—John D. Decker, [illegible] Lamb, 1; C. C. Adams, 1; L. C. Harmon, 1; William Conley, 1; S. S. Miles, 1.

Coroner—S. M. Huff, 86; M. J. Locke, 35; J. C. Rogers, 17; W. J. Kurtz, 11; O. W. McEntire, 13, Edward Harris, 7; W. U. Irvin, 5; G. C. Glenn, 5; David Dale, 5; H. S. Braucht, 5; C. S. Musser, 4; P. H. Shelly, 4; E. L. Jones, 4; G. H. Woods, 2; S. U. Harshberger, 2; J. R. G. Allison, John Sebring, R. G. H. Hayes, Hoffer Dale, Dr. Kidder, W. H. Brown, J. N. Schoonover, W. S. Bigelow, James Aikens, P. H. Dale, D. Buck, W. P. Ard, S. S. McCormick and S. R. Pringle, 1 each.

DEMOCRATIC.

State Committeeman—W. F. Smith, 694; W. D. Zerby, 1097.

Jury Commissioner—J. Adam Hazel, 1151; Russel H. Stamm, 607; George T. Bush, 1.

Coroner—John Sebring, 91; J. C. Rogers, 23; H. S. Braucht, 22; S. M. Huff, 19; W. U. Irvin, 16; Dr. McCormick, 19; M. J. Locke, 12; E. H. Harris, 8; L. M. Houser, 7; David Dale, 4; G. C. Glenn, 3; A. Kreamer, 3; G. S. Frank, 3; W. S. Glenn, 2; P. S. Shelly, 2; J. R. G. Allison, J. V. Foster, Dr. Musser, W. L. Jocobs, O. W. McEntire, W. J. Kurtz, Dr. Hardenberg, J. L. Seibert, Dr. Hayes, W. U. Irvin, 1 each.

SOCIALIST.

State Committeeman—Jas. Alcorn, 1; W. D. Zerby, 1.

Jury Commissioner—Frank Rittenhouse, 8.

Coroner—Bart Creamer, 1. Samuel Wilkinson, 1.

WASHINGTON.

State Committeeman—Herbert H. Ashman, 158; Cheney Hicklen, 1.

Jury Commissioner—George T. Bush, 154, John D. Decker, 2.

Coroner—J. C. Rogers, 1; M. J. Locke, 16; S. M. Huff, 10; Dr. Harris, 2; W. U. Irvin, 4; Dr. Dale, 2; Geo. C. Miller, 2.

Joseph Garbrick Married.

An informal but very pretty wedding was that at 2 o'clock last Thursday afternoon at Boalsburg, the contracting parties being Joseph Garbrick, Sr., and Miss Sadie Stover, both of Bellefonte. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. I. Stonecypher. Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Garbrick returned to Bellefonte and now are residing in the groom's home in Bush Addition.

Child Badly Burned.

Little Louise Bryan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bryan, yesterday fell against a stove and painfully burned both hands.

GOES TO CONNELLSVILLE

Rev. C. W. Winey Assigned to United Brethren Pulpit in Larger Place.

It was with profound regret that residents of Bellefonte learned on Monday that Rev. C. W. Winey, pastor of the local United Brethren church for a number of years, had not been returned to his old charge but had been assigned to Connellsville. This feeling of sincere regret was based on the realization that in Mr. Winey's departure Bellefonte loses a citizen who during his residence here has won not only a host of admiring friends but the respect and confidence and esteem of the entire community. It so happens that Bellefonte's loss is Mr. Winey's gain, for his new charge is in effect a substantial and well merited promotion. Connellsville is a town of about 12,000 population. Mr. Winey will thus be placed in a much larger field and his work will be rewarded with a correspondingly increased salary. Mr. Winey will move to Connellsville as soon as he is able to prepare his household effects for shipment.

Rev. S. H. Ralston, pastor of the United Brethren church at Johnstown for a number of years, succeeds Mr. Winey as pastor of the Bellefonte charge. Mr. Ralston comes to Bellefonte highly recommended and by those who know of him and his work it is predicted that he will have a successful pastorate here. The appointment of Mr. Winey to Connellsville and of Mr. Ralston to Bellefonte were among the number announced at the annual United Brethren church conference at Greensburg, which was brought to a close on Sunday, last. Other appointments announced included the following:

Conference superintendent, J. S. Fulton, Altoona; Altoona First church, A. R. Hendrickson; Altoona Second church, W. S. Wilson; Altoona Third church, T. P. Orner; Bellwood, H. A. McKelvey; Tyrone, T. G. Sawyer.

Bigler, E. A. Sparks; Cambria, J. A. Mills; Clarington, to be supplied; Clearfield, J. F. Kelly; Coalport, J. H. Bridigum; Conemaugh, J. I. L. Ressler; Fayette, J. E. Ott; Pulaski, R. M. Hamilton; Greensburg, L. Bunger; Greensburg, Emeritus J. Pershing; Greenwood and Juniata, C. E. Smith; Herminie, W. H. Mingler; Huntingdon, L. W. Buttner; Industry, C. L. Welsh; Jeannette, John Watson; Johnstown First church, S. L. Postlethwaite; Johnstown Park Avenue church, E. C. Weaver; Johnstown, Barron avenue church, C. W. Hendrickson; Johnstown, Walnut Grove church, T. W. Burgess; Knoxdale, J. C. Erb; Latrobe, W. A. Sipes; Ligonier, J. C. Moses; Punxsutawney, J. S. Hays; Portage, E. A. Sharp; Rochester Mills, Paul Mickey; Rockwood, I. J. Duke; Runville, E. B. Somers; Scottdale, I. E. Runk; Somerset, H. A. Buffington; South Williamsport, J. S. College; Springfield, J. J. Charleston; Susquehanna, C. E. Shannon; Westmoreland, J. J. Munk; Windber, D. W. Rothermel. Youngwood, J. Showers. Conference evangelist, Rev. D. J. Hummell; Port Matilda, S. J. Wilson; Houserville, S. M. Johnson.

Bishop W. M. Weekley presided at the ordination services on Sunday mornings. Among those ordained was G. W. Rothermell, of Port Matilda.

Lecture at Pine Grove.

A rare treat is in store for residents of Pine Grove Mills and nearby sections, Dr. George T. Bible, of Philadelphia, being scheduled to deliver his well known lecture on "Wit and Humor," in the Reformed church, at Pine Grove, on Thursday evening October 2d. at 8 o'clock. The lecture will be given under the auspices of the Reformed Sunday school, of Pine Grove Mills, and the proceeds will be devoted to building a new roof on the church building. The admission will be 25c for adults and 15c for children. Dr. Bible is widely known as a lecturer and has appeared on the platform in all the principal cities of the United States. "Wit and Humor" is his favorite lecture and all who have the opportunity should exert themselves to hear him.

Moved Large Bridge.

The 300-ton railroad bridge over the Bald Eagle creek, two miles east of Milesburg, was moved a distance of fifteen feet in forty minutes last Sunday morning, the gigantic task being performed by a force of thirty carpenters and a crew of one hundred trackmen. The bridge was moved to a point to the side of its old location. It was moved as one piece. Some idea of the task involved may be had when it is explained that the bridge consists of six 75-foot deck girder spans, representing a total length of 450 feet and weighing 600,000 pounds. A new bridge will be erected where the old one stood. It is to be of the deck girder type, with concrete floor.

NEW WHOLESALE FIRM OPENS HERE OCT. 1ST.

Grocery to Occupy Old Quarters of Yeager Swing Factory.

G. F. MUSSER IN CHARGE

Firm of G. R. Dannenhower & Son., of Camden, N. J., Plans Establishing Branch Here—Manager was Recently With Lauderbach-Barber Co.

A new wholesale grocery will be established in Bellefonte and according to present plans will be open for business on October 1st. The firm operating the new business is G. R. Dannenhower & Son., Incorporated, of Camden, New Jersey G. Fred Musser, for years manager of the local branch of the Lauderbach-Barber Co., will be manager of the new wholesale grocery.

The new concern will be located in the former quarters of the Yeager Swing Factory in the old Phoenix Mill, just beyond the big spring. The location is considered ideal for such an enterprise. The new firm and also the Lauderbach-Barber Co. were applicants for the building, which is owned by Col. W. Fred Reynolds and rented by him to the borough as an emergency pumping station. Borough Council held a special meeting on Monday night and on recommendation of the Water Committee rented the building to G. R. Dannenhower & Son.

Mr. Musser, manager for the new concern, departed on Monday for New York to superintend shipping groceries, etc. to Bellefonte. He is well known to the trade in Centre County and has many friends who wish him the greatest success. The firm of G. R. Dannenhower & Son. is an old and well established one and has long enjoyed business relations with merchants in Bellefonte and other points in this section of the State.

$3,000 FOR ACADEMY

Dr. and Mrs. T. R. Hayes Make Liberal Gift to Famous School.

An especially pleasing feature according the opening days at the remodeled Bellefonte Academy was a liberal gift toward the extensive repairs by two old friends of the school. The incident has caused no little rejoicing among the students and other friends of the Academy.

When the plans for enlarging and improving the Academy were announced Dr. and Mrs. T. R. Hayes responded with a gift of $1,000. Several days ago they made a second gift, this time the amount being $2,000, or a total of $3,000 as a nucleus for the building fund. Headmaster J. R. Hughes was naturally elated when informed of this liberal gift, which comes at a time when it is most needed.

It required considerable hustling on the part of the contractors to complete repairs to the school rooms, living apartments, etc., in time for the opening of the fall term. However, the work was rushed and things are moving along nicely at the school. It is now made apparent that the improvements will cost fully $50,000. While raising such a sum is a gigantic task Professor Hughes is entirely confident that the friends of the Academy here and elsewhere will stand by him until the last dollar is in hand.

Farmers Institutes.

Meetings for farmers and others scheduled by the Department of Agriculture at Harrisburg for the coming season in this county, will be held at Pine Grove Mills, Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29 and 30; at Rebersburg, Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 31 and Jan 1; and at Jacksonville, Friday and Saturday, Jan 2 and 3. The State speakers will be Prof. Franklin Menges, of York; Prof. R. H. Bell, specialist in horticulture and orchard fertilizing, The Pennsylvania State College; and H. M. Gooderham, a practical and experimental farmer of Cambria. Every farmer within reach of these meetings will work to his own and his neighbor's advantage if he will arrange his affairs, so far as practicable, to attend one or more of these meetings. The study of the best ways of farming is one of the very best uses to which the comparatively leizure time of winter can be put, and the season chosen by the department is just right, a good way to begin the new year.

Gift to Hospital.

Through the efforts of Mrs. Kreamer and Mrs. King, of Centre Hall, members of the Auxiliary Board of the Bellefonte hospital, that institution was presented with the fruits and vegetables exhibited at the recent grangers picnic. The hospital management greatly appreciated the gift.

PROPAGATION OF GAME

Pennsylvania's System Bringing Good Results.

Pennsylvania's progress in game matters is not generally appreciated by those who are not conversant with the situation n this state, says the Pittsburg Post. The fact that only one or two states, if any, can be said to be ahead of this state in game propagation methods, can be demonstrated, although it is not generally credited, with such advancement.

The Pennsylvania system of state game preserves, located as they are in the large tracts of state forest reserve on state lands up in the mountains where the land is not good for agriculture, is not good for agriculture, is thought by experts to be the solution of the question of replacing and keeping the game native to the North American continent. Waste lands, those that are not good for farming, can be made the haunt of deer, elk, black bear and small game of all description. The fact that the state is trying to reforest great areas of land from which the timber is cut, and which furnish ideal game haunts and hunting grounds, is another point in favor of the Pennsylvania system.

R. H. Santens, taxidermist connected with the Carnegie museum of Pittsburg, and an authority on wild life, got his first view of a Keystone state game preserve last week and is enthusiastic over the possibilities it reveals in game culture. He spent a day or two in the Clearfield county preserve, perhaps the best of the six now established in the state for observation purposes.

"I was most agreeably surprised at the evidence presented of an abundance of wild life in this preserve," said Mr. Santens. "It surpassed anything I believed possible in this state. I had previously believed that wild life, including game animals and birds if not at low-tide, was at a standstill in this state; now I know that it is on the upgrade in Pennsylvania, and bound to increase enormously in the future if the policies outlined in the past are carried out.

"Our party went into the preserve at daybreak and found evidence of game in abundance. We heard the ruffed grouse drumming as we entered the thick second growth, and even flushed a bird or two. Rabbits we ran across that were too tame to feel alarm; they sat still until we were almost close enough to touch them. There was plenty of animal sign on every hand; we disturbed a sharp-shinned hawk, a bird that preys on game animals. The game protector will have to try to get this fellow and others like him. A rattlesnake gave us warning in time to prevent us getting unpleasantly near him.

"But it was not until we came to the first salt lick that the keepers have established that I realized just what this preserve is doing for the animals. There we found so much deer sign that it would have set an old deer hunter wild. The deer had frequented the lick in droves. Little trails came down to the lick from all points of the compass. Early as we were, the deer had been ahead of us that morning in visiting the lick. Although the ground was dry, the sign was fresh, a score or more, including bucks, does and a great number of fawns, had preceded us and probably been frightened off by our approach.

"I was interested to discover the tracks left by the elks which, so I understand, were liberated in this preserve last winter, after having been imported from the Yellowstone park in Wyoming. The elk calves had also been there, but of course not in such great numbers as the deer.

"So many deer had visited the lick that the ferns, growing all around that part of the preserve, had been cropped off by the deer, for a space about an acre in area.

"What I saw in the preserve was enough to convince me that the game authorities of Pennsylvania have the right idea. The salvation of our American wild life lies in making these small preserves all through the mountainous, waste land, where deer will find plenty of cover, food and protection without having to come too closely into contact with their human neighbors. These preserves, where they are safe from a hunter and meat-eating animals, where they can breed in peace and find refuge in time of trouble, will act as fountain heads and restock the land with the game animals in such numbers that legitimate hunting will never be able to destroy all the game."

11,000 Veterans Die in 1912.

More than 11,000 Union veterans of the Civil War died during the twelve months ending December 31, last, and more than 180,000 such veterans are still on the rolls of the Grand Army of the Republic, according to Alfred B. Beers, commander-in-chief of the organization, who delivered his annual address at the reunion at Chattanooga last week.

The year started with a membership of 191,346, Mr. Beers said, and 14,779 were added to the rolls by muster-transfer and re-instatement. The loses were as follows: By death 11,338, by honorable discharge 435, by transfer 1,764, by suspension 6,976, by dishonorable discharge 63, by delinquent reports, 4,283 and by surrender of charter, 1,039, making a total loss, partially offset by gains, of 25,898. The rate of mortality, based on the membership, was 6.28 per cent.

Read "The Republican $1 dollar a year in advance.

BLAKE'S SURRENDER

It Was An Unconditional One

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Blake pushed his way through a thicket of chaparral, from which he emerged a little more ragged and dusty than before, and sat down by a tiny stream trickling its languid way toward the sand blown desert. His feet were hot and sore from two days' rapid traveling through untracked wastes, but so far he had come out unharmed. True, his broad sombrero carried two holes where an insurrecto sentry's bullet had gone zipping through, but Frank Blake had drawn his own weapon in response, and he was sure that the Mexican had taken a brief vacation from sentry duty.

Of course that only hastened his flight toward the frontier, for it was flight. Ordinarily he was not one to turn his back on a skirmish, but he was the paymaster of the Laguna Mines company, and as the revolutionary spirit of his miners forbade them to waste any more golden days delving in the darkness of galleries and crosscuts or upper and lower levels when there was insurrection afoot it became necessary for the paymaster to flee ungallantly with his papers and his bills of exchange—the currency he hastily buried. As he was the only American left on the force there was nothing for Frank Blake to do but to guard his company's treasure to the best of his ability.

He tossed off the tin box which had been strapped to his shoulders and unbuckled the stuffed belt which burdened him cruelly in the heat and stress of his long tramp. He kicked off his shoes and stockings and thrust his feet into the cool trickle of the stream and closed his eyes.

Naturally dark complexioned, the burning sun of Mexico had tanned his face to the complexion of the natives. His straight black hair clung to his brown forehead and added to the ragged, unkempt appearance, for ragged he was and uncared for. His clothing was torn to shreds by thorns and cactus spines, and the dust that covered his handsome features lent a grotesque appearance to an otherwise attractive personality.

All at once he opened his bright black eyes with the sudden resolve that a thorough scrub in the stream would refresh him mightily. Hungry he was and thirsty, but he must go unsatisfied until he ran across a ranch, and in this rocnaity they might be thick as pulque plants. As he bent to plunge his cupped hands into the water there came the sharp barking of a dog and the sound of light quick footsteps behind him. He turned to see a girl slender, erect, with inquiring eyes of warm brown, a skin blended of the olive and the cactus flower, hair as black as his own and a red mouth rounded into a surprised exclamation at sight of him.

"Ah!" she said quickly in Spanish.

"Buenas tardes, senorita," returned Blake gravely, for there was hostility in her eyes now as she scanned him closely. Then he continued in Spanish as he arose to his feet. "Is there a house near at hand?"

"Why do you ask?" she inquired suspiciously.

Blake laughed shortly and included his outcast appearance in one graphic sweep of a shapely brown hand. "I am in need of refreshment and repose among friends. I have traveled far, and I am very weary." A trace of the weariness was evident in his voice. For two days and a night he had not slept.

The girl seemed to hesitate. She looked over Blake's head, her forehead wrinkled in a pretty frown. Truly she was the flower of some neighboring hacienda, he decided as he noted the Spanish coloring of her complexion, though she wore the trimly cut garments of an American girl—a short snowy linen skirt and shirt waist, with loose sleeves rolled back to rounded elbows. Her uncovered head showed her hair arranged in two loose braids hanging far below her slender waist.

"Come," she said suddenly. "Come to my father."

He admired the girl's quick tread, so different from the languorous glide of her countrywomen, and attributed it to the free, open life which she had enjoyed as the daughter of a ranchero. He was aware that she was undergoing some perturbation on his account, for she frequently looked back at him and always with that distrustful glance of her brown eyes.

Presently he noticed that her hand always rested lightly on her right hip, and then he saw there was a tiny holster, from which protruded the ivory handle of a revolver. His own hand sought his weapon then, for if the daughter was suspicious the father might be openly hostile.

They topped a rise of ground and came upon a smooth, well made road winding toward a distant red roofed building set in the midst of a chestnut grove. North, east and west stretched a magnificent cattle range. Herds appeared like blots in the distance. The herders were black moving specks on the vastness of the grassy plain. As they went forward a horseman rode from the gates and, turning to the west, galloped madly along a palm shaded road. At the sight of him the girl uttered a sharp exclamation and ran ahead, but when she reached the gates he was out of sight.

She seemed disconcerted at this happening, and Blake was quick to guess that the man might have been her father and that in his absence she was doubtful what to do with the stranger. He resolved to help her out.

"Some tortillas and frijoles for supper and a bundle of straw for a bed, senorita; these would make me most grateful," he said eagerly, and the girl nodded brusquely and led the way up the avenue of chestnuts and into the courtyard of the hacienda.

With a gesture she detained him while she went to the door of an adobe wing of the building and brought forth a fat Mexican woman, who scowled at the stranger in a most unfriendly fashion. The girl spoke rapidly to the woman in a strange dialect, of which now and then a word was familiar.

The supper was hot in more ways than one, but it was good, and Blake ate ravenously and drank of an excellent cup of coffee. He waved away a handful of cigarettes the Mexican woman contemptuously offered him and, to her astonished disgust, drew from his breast pocket a pipe and calmly proceeded to fill and light it.

"My hitting the pipe instead of the national vice has jarred them some," meditated Blake as he knocked the ashes out of the bowl and proceeded to convey his bundle of straw to the hut which an Otomi Indian had pointed out as his sleeping place.

Blake had planned to sleep with one eye open until the pale dawn should signify that eight hours of repose of a sort had been his. Then he would arise, throw a few dollars on the floor and resume his tramp to the frontier. He surmised that he was not far from the little Rio del Cuchillo, and by keeping close to its banks he would ultimately come out near Aguel, which was a few hours' walk from Fort Hancock.

In spite of his efforts to keep awake the young American fell into a sleep through which he was ever pursued by the fair Castilian, whose dark beauty enthralled his senses. So vivid were his dreams of her that when he awoke he was loath to carry out his plan of escape.

But prudence forbade this, for he had not comprehended enough of the girl's conversation the night before to satisfy himself that she was not a rebel sympathizer and to be avoided.

He was passing through the arched gateway that led into the drive when the sound of a voice smote sharply on his ear. It seemed to come from the wall of the arched passage. It was the voice of the senorita.

"Quien es?"

When Blake hesitated before replying she added meaningly, "If you do not answer, insurrecto, I shall shoot!"

"But I am not an insurrecto, senorita. I am an American," he was beginning when her contemptuous laugh ended his explanation.

"Ah, senor, perhaps you are also the commander of the American forces in disguise. I will thank you to return to the courtyard to await the return of my father."

"And suppose I do not surrender to your wishes?"

The ominous click of her little weapon was the only reply. Blake could see her now in the weird light of the coming day. Her lovely face was framed in a small window cut in the wall of the arched passage. There were shadows beneath her sweet eyes, as if she had not slept, and the long black lashes drooped against her pink tinted cheek.

"I surrender, senorita," he said gravely, and, lifting his hat, he returned to the adobe hut and once more threw himself on the straw, a prey to a thousand new emotions.

Presently there came the clatter of hoofs as the ranchero returned from his journey. Servants flew hither and thither, and Blake heard the distant sound of a pleasant bass voice within the house. At last footsteps accompanied the voice, and he was pleasantly aware that the senorita was coming, too, to exhibit her captive.

"Hey, there!" called out the ranchero in English. Then he added impatiently, "Vamos!" The girl laughed deliciously at her father's mistake.

Blake appeared at the door as ragged a specimen of native Mexican as one would care to meet. But now his eyes were bright with anticipation, and a broad grin overspread his face as he held out a brown hand to the astonished big blond ranchero, who had American written large over dress and feature.

"Hello, Smith!" was Blake's greeting.

"Hello yourself!" said the other, with a puzzled stare. "Who the dickens are you anyway? Why, it is Blake of the Laguna mines. You know I'm a stockholder there, Becky," he explained to the girl while he was pumping Blake's arm cordially. "Here, come out of that hole, old man, and come in among white folks. This is my daughter, Rebecca. Looks like a senorita, eh? but as loyal an American girl as ever left the states and came down here to rough it with her dad. Make your apologies to Mr. Blake, Becky, while I hurry up some breakfast and a room for—your prisoner, shall I call him?"

Rebecca blushed beautifully as Blake's hand closed on her own. "I owe you so many apologies, Mr. Blake, that I do not know where to begin."

"No hurry about it," the young man reassured her. "I believe I'll stay as long as your father will let me. Besides, I'm your prisoner. I surrendered, you know."

Rebecca did not offer to give him back his freedom then, and afterward it was too late.

Painting a Picture

Under Cupid's Guidance

By ANDREW C. EWING

The most beautiful lake in the world is Como and the most beautiful bay the bay of Naples. Both have been the scene of many a story, real and fictitious; both have attracted visitors from all parts of the world. The beauty of the former bursts upon one at once; that of the latter is of slow growth. Como is always much the same; the bay of Naples is ever changing.

Sorrento, overlooking this beautiful bay, is built on a circular ledge of rocks some three hundred feet high, following the curvature of the shore. There are hotels and villas fronting the water, some of them built in the center of orange groves. One morning a gentleman emerged from one of these hotels, sauntered down a walk, plucking an orange by the way, and at the end stood upon a marble balcony looking down upon the waves far below. Yachts and fishing boats were rocking on the surface, and from the island of Capri a little steamer was bounding along toward Sorrento.

A young lady had set up an easel on the balcony and was attempting to transfer the scene to canvas. The gentleman paused a short distance behind her and looked at her work. Conscious of his presence, she turned.

"Pardon me, signorina," he said in Italian and was about to walk on when she said in English:

"I don't understand Italian."

"Ah, you are an American. I perceive."

"Why not English?"

"We Americans are easily distinguished from the English by our accent. Permit me to compliment you on the way you are getting on with your picture."

"I am not getting on at all."

"You have sketched your outline very well."

"But how shall I get that deep blue of the water, how that delicate veil of mist that hangs over Capri and almost hides Ischia farther on?"

"Your work will be the more difficult because you cannot get the same scene on two consecutive days. Tomorrow the water will be perhaps a pale green, then a light instead of a dark blue, as it is today. Quite likely even by noon we shall have Ischia resting on a sea of quicksilver."

The girl leaned back in her chair discouraged.

"I would advise you to put in such parts as will not change, then select a certain coloring to transfer to your canvas. If you can get it in before it changes, be it so; if not you must get in as much as you can, then wait till the same conditions come again."

"Exactly the same conditions will never come again."

"You are right. But you don't need to copy. An artist doesn't do that. He takes a landscape, a model, any subject you like, and idealizes it. His intention is not to get something better than the original, but something better than the result of an attempt to transfer the original to canvas."

"If I could only get a tithe of what we see before us on the canvas I should be satisfied."

"Are you an amateur or a professional?"

"I simply desire to make a picture to sell on my return to America to help out the expense of my trip abroad."

"Well, don't be discouraged. With your permission I will criticise your work as you proceed. I am a professional critic and may help you."

"Thank you very much, but I doubt if I can produce anything worthy of your criticism."

Acquaintances are formed very easily between tourists, especially where they are fellow countrymen, and Edward Minard improved upon this beginning to become quite friendly with Lucia Gifford. True to his promise, he coached her in her effort to transcribe some of the various phases that the bay of Naples takes on. From the window of his room he could look out upon it, and often when it assumed the conditions she was trying to get he would send her word, and she would hurry to the balcony to take advantage of the situation.

At times she would rest from her work by riding out on the road winding up the heights lying southwest of the town. At others she would stroll with friends among the shops picking up bargains in lace or silks. Occasionally on returning from some of these trips her work would look better to her than when she had left it. Minard told her that this was because before going out she saw it through tired eyes. When she came in she saw it through rested eyes. But she noticed the greatest improvement on her return after a couple of days' absence while on a visit to Paestum. It seemed to her on first viewing her picture after her arrival that she had done far better than she had supposed in getting that misty effect of the atmosphere, that cerulean blue of the water. Moreover, she was gradually getting on to the canvas not any of the conditions she had seen, but something conceived, something more capable of being represented in paint. She asked Minard how she could have done it, and he told her that it was part accident and part her own artistic invention, though the former could not exist without the latter.

Miss Gifford, as all sojourners at Sorrento do, made many excursions, and whenever she returned she invariably saw her work through new eyes. She was very much encouraged, even delighted. But when she stopped to consider the matter she concluded that her improvement must be due to the criticisms passed upon her work by Minard. "There may be artistic ability in me," she said to him, "but it would never come out without your drawing it out."

At last the painting was finished, and Miss Gifford took her departure for Naples. Minard advised her to offer her picture in Rome when she arrived there rather for the purpose of displaying than selling it, for the chief purchasers of pictures in Italy are Americans, and they usually buy those which bear the names of artists who have made a name.

Minard joined her in Naples, where instead of painting they visited the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum together and the gallery wherein are deposited so many art treasures found under the ashes thrown over them 2,000 years before by Vesuvius. Miss Gifford preceded her new found friend to Rome, and before her departure he kindly offered to pack her painting for her. She kindly accepted his offer, and when he returned it to her properly boxed he gave her the name of a dealer in Rome, with whom he advised her to leave it on exhibition.

And so it was that the accidental meeting of these two persons at Sorrento was renewed at Naples, and since travelers from the south of Italy must go north it was likely that they might meet all the way up to Milan. And at every parting it was evident that the next meeting would be more cordial.

When Miss Gifford reached Rome she called on the dealer, and he sent to her hotel for the picture. Soon after this when she saw it framed she was astonished at the remarkable change the framing had produced in it. It was the same scene, but under the influence of the surrounding gilt it was simply beautiful. It seemed to require the illuminating properties to bring out the colors.

The next time she went into the shop the dealer informed her that her painting was sold.

"Sold!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, signorina. You directed me to sell it, did you not? It has not yet been removed. If there is any mistake please let me know it at once. In case of a picture like that I don't wish to make a blunder."

"How much did it bring?" asked the artist, aghast.

"Forty-five hundred francs."

"Forty-five hundred francs!"

"Yes, signorina. Are you disappointed?"

"How did you get so much for it?"

"The artist is a rising young American who is making a name."

"What name?"

"E. Minard."

"Minard!"

"Yes, signorina. The signature is genuine, isn't it?"

Miss Gifford stood mute for a few moments, staring at the dealer, then told him to let her see the picture. He took her to his packing room and showed it to her, putting his finger on the name in the lower left hand corner, E. Minard.

Miss Gifford stood looking at the few daubs that spelled "Minard" for a long while without speaking. A light was slowly creeping in upon her brain. Two emotions met and mingled. There was disappointment that she had not proved herself an artist and pleasure that her friend had imposed upon her to her advantage, for she saw that he had substituted his own picture for hers. There was another emotion more in evidence than either of the other two. Surely a man who would do such a thing for a woman must have for her more than a friendly interest.

"Is it all right, signorina?" asked the dealer.

"All right? Oh, yes, of course, it's all right."

"I will give you the money less the commission."

"Certainly."

Miss Gifford took the bills he handed her and left the shop. Minard had given her his address in Rome and had asked her to send him her card on her arrival. She sent it at once, and the same evening he called upon her.

"Mr. Minard, why did you impose upon me?"

"How impose upon you?" he asked shamefacedly.

"About the picture."

"Pardon me," hanging his head.

"How did you manage it?"

"Well, when you went out to drive or to walk or on excursions while at Sorrento I feed the maid to bring me your picture and improved it a bit. Meanwhile I was painting the same scene myself. Then you made it very easy for me by giving me your picture to pack. I packed my own and kept yours. Mine has perhaps a money value above yours, but yours has a value to me beyond price."

She had sent for him to hand him the money she had received from the dealer, but these last few words had a meaning that changed the situation. He declared that the picture she had painted was of far more value to him than the one he had painted himself. The exchange was in his favor. He begged her to permit it.

Nevertheless, since his painting had produced enough money to pay for her trip, she could not reconcile her conscience to accepting it till the matter was compromised by her throwing herself in with her own imperfect work. This was considered as an equivalent bonus, and the couple were married before they left Rome.

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Rattlesnake Farm at Mt. Union.

Many towns in Pennsylvania boast of fancy chicken farms, Bloomsburg boasts of an ostrich farm, but Mt. Union is the only town along the line that can afford a rattlesnake farm. Lawrence N. Crum, a local clothier, is sole owner and proprietor. Mr. Crum started with twelve large rattlesnakes which were caught in that vicinity. Last week the number increased to seventeen, five baby rattlers making their appearance.

For some time these rattlesnakes were on exhibition in the store window but now a den has been made in the cellar, where they will be kept during the winter. The snakes will be raised for their poison, which is extracted every few days by making them bite on a spoon. Mr. Crum says he thinks the proposition will be a paying one, as poison taken from rattlesnakes is very valuable.

Clair Kauffman Dead.

Clair Kauffman, a well known young man of Warrior's Mark valley, died at his home at 11 o'clock Thursday night of acute indigestion, aged 20 years, 1 months and 26 days. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Kauffman, and by the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. Anna Thomas, Mrs. Cora Thomas, Mrs. Bertha Thomas, John K., Gloria, Walter and William Kauffman, all of Warrior's Mark, and Mrs. Jacob Etters, of Tyrone. Interment was made in the Methodist cemetery at Warrior's Mark on Sunday.

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Perpetual Youth

A Case In Which It Would Not Work Well

By F. A. MITCHEL

"I see by the newspapers," said Reinhard, "that these institute fellows who have been substituting knee joints in the legs of human beings and otherwise repairing the human body claim that they are on the way to cut out substances which lead to decay or bring on old age and when they succeed we shall always be able to remain young."

"H'm!" grunted Von Buest contemptuously.

"You seem to doubt the possibility of such a result."

"Doubt it? It has been done long ago."

"Been done long ago! What do you mean, professor?"

Professor Von Buest took his pipe out of his mouth—he was always smoking—and, looking the other in the eye, said:

"Reinhard, the conceit of this age is intolerable. Most of our discoveries are accidental, though I will admit that nowadays our scientists are drawing out nature's secrets by scientific experiment. Why shouldn't what has been accidentally discovered today have been accidentally discovered before?"

"Because such discoveries electrify the world, and we all know of them."

"Some of them do now that knowledge is so widely diffused. But you who are German know that there still remain in the fatherland those who investigate for the love of science and, despising the world, do not always give out their discoveries, and when they do it is because they will benefit mankind."

"What do you mean by saying that the elixir of life has been discovered?"

"I did not say that. Listen to me and I will impart a secret. Pasteur did not begin our present methods of microbe investigation. Jenner began it a century ago. Why should the idea lay dormant from the time of Jenner's suggestion till Pasteur took it up and developed it? It did not lie dormant. Many scientists thought about it, and some made experiments based on the idea of vaccination which Jenner propounded.

"It is needless to tell you how I became a scientist. You know all about it. I was born a scientist. When I was a little boy I was wondering what held the clouds in position, why objects were reflected in soap bubbles, how animals walked. When I was six years old I killed my pet kitten to see its works, which I supposed to be similar to those of a clock. That may seem shocking to you, but it was the beginning of investigations which led me to prolong life.

"At eighteen I left the university. I had found the professors a stupid lot, handing down what they considered knowledge from one generation to another. Some of it was knowledge, but the most of it was error. The first president of this republic, Washington, was killed by just such men, who, following an ancient theory of letting blood in case of fever, bled the Father of His Country to death. I came into my estate soon after leaving the university, a landed property in Pomerania on the Baltic sea. There, rid of the false knowledge that flooded the world, I established my laboratory.

"I followed up the killing of my kitten by an onslaught upon such inferior animals as would give me the secrets of nature. I worked twenty years, at the end of which time I discovered an antitoxin for the decay that accompanies age."

"Why, professor!" interrupted Reinhard. "You are seventy and you look seventy. If you discovered this antitoxin, why did you not arrest the effects of age in yourself?"

"Not so fast, my friend. At the time I made the discovery I was forty years old. I could not bring back my youth, and the beginning of disease is the time to arrest it. There is another reason. I did not hunt for my antitoxin because I wished to live forever, since I knew this would bring me intolerable misery. I experimented to satisfy my thirst for knowledge. And now I can explain to you why the world never got my secret. I did not wish to cause my fellow men to suffer. At my present age I have lived too long. Had I the physical strength of youth the mental ennui of age would be with me. And what would this ennui be in another seventy or twice seventy years?

"In the lonely region in which I lived I had one congenial friend—Weisbard. His tastes were not my tastes or I should have hated him. In his world I found something different, something to freshen me. To him alone I confided my secret. I had cause to regret my confidence. He had a daughter fifteen years old, a lovely, beautiful girl. 'Could you keep her as she is today,' he said to me, 'the rest of my life would be supremely happy.'

"I sighed, for I knew that a desire to preserve his daughter's youth would master him and he would pursue me till I consented to give her perpetual youth. I paid no attention to this first broad hint, but it came again and again and finally took the form of a definite request.

"For a year I resisted, assuring Weisbard that if I consented the day would come when his daughter, Wilhelmine, would long for age, if not for death. Her associates would grow old while she would remain young. She would have experience which is incompatible with youth. She would belong neither to her own generation nor the one next below her. Having no proper position, being identified with no particular age, she would be a worse enemy to herself than the microbe that produces the decay of old age. All in vain. The opportunity to preserve his daughter's youth and beauty was too tempting for him. He gave me no peace till I consented.

"When I began to give Wilhelmine the antitoxin she was sixteen years old. Hers was my first case and my only one in practicing upon a human being after having satisfied myself of the efficacy of my remedy, and naturally my efforts were not at once successful. I did not completely arrest Wilhelmine's natural decay till she was midway between seventeen and eighteen."

Von Buest paused and resumed his pipe.

"Well, professor," said Reinhard impatiently, "go on."

"In what way? In the case of Wilhelmine Weisbard there are many stories. What would you prefer to know about her?"

Reinhard thought a few minutes, then asked his friend to tell him if the girl gained or lost by remaining young and why.

"What you ask to know," replied the professor, "has in itself many branches. I will confine myself to one—Wilhelmine's relations to her husband. She married Max Menzel. She was then twenty, he thirty. He grew old; his wife remained young. Her father one day came to me with a cloud upon his brow and told me that his son-in-law, who was getting gray and otherwise showing signs of age, was making his wife miserable by his jealous behavior. She was still young and beautiful and attracted younger men than himself.

"From time to time Weisbard came to me to tell me that matters between his son-in-law and daughter were going from bad to worse. At last he confessed that he regretted having urged me to give the latter perpetual youth.

"'I have given her perpetual youth,' I replied, 'only so long as it may be desired.'

"His face lighted with pleasure. 'Can you re-establish the ordinary process of growing old?' he asked.

"'There is nothing to re-establish. Let your daughter stop taking the antitoxin and the natural decay will be resumed.'

"I did not see Weisbard for a week, at the end of which time he looked more lugubrious than ever. I asked him what troubled him. He told me that he had proposed to his daughter to cease taking my antitoxin and she had flatly refused. Weisbard had very unwisely told his son-in-law that his wife could resume the process of following him to old age if she chose, and he had urged her to do so. She was obstinate, and a quarrel had ensued between the two that bid fair to wreck their happiness forever—that is, all that was left of it.

"And here, my friend, comes an instance of the unity of nature. A unity that is best for us always, though there are numerous instances in which we believe her decrees are misfortunes. There was every reason why Frau Menzel should grow old. And yet those old fellows like Ponce de Leon were continually seeking for the elixir of life. A man may be satisfied to grow old, a woman never. This one having perpetual youth would never give it up, though it threw her out of harmony with the rest of the universe.

"At first it seemed that remaining young with her children would be a boon to her. It did not turn out so. A melancholy phase of life is that we cannot be of the next generation beneath us. Even a young body will not bridge that gulf.

"Every year after this the husband grew older, while the wife remained young and beautiful, and every year the gulf between them grew wider. After awhile it became a case of December and May. The older Frau Menzel grew in years the more pleased she was with the attention of young men. They, while pleased with her beauty, found in her an experience which did not accord with their own exuberance. This led to a continued disappointment in her that soured her disposition. The couple's bickerings wore on Weisbard, who reproached himself for being the cause of their troubles.

"And yet there was one thing that would have undone, partly at least, all the mischief. All that was needed was for Wilhelmine to stop taking the antitoxin."

"That could scarcely be expected," remarked Reinhard. "How did the matter end?"

"When Frau Menzel was fifty years old—she reached that age a year ago—she was a very singular compound, having a youthful body and an old mind. One evening, having forced her husband, who was now sixty, to take her to a ball, she insisted on dancing the turkey trot, which was just appearing in fashionable society. When the pair reached home there was a violent quarrel, the result of which was never known, but the couple were never seen out together again. Soon after this the husband died, and the wife discovered that the antitoxin ceased to affect her. Her youth and beauty suddenly collapsed. In a night she had grown old and ugly."

"What was the matter with the antitoxin?" asked Reinhard.

"I was making it for her, and after her quarrel with her husband over the dance I ceased to put in the proper ingredients."

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to article nine, section four, of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, authorizing the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the improvement of the highways of the Commonwealth.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section four of article nine, which reads as follows:

"Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, suppress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiency in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars," be amended so as to read as follows:

Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, suppress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiencies in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars: Provided, however, That the General Assembly, irrespective of any debt, may authorize the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the purpose of improving and rebuilding the highways of the Commonwealth.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 1.
ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section seven, article three of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, so as to permit special legislation regulating labor.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof.

Amendment to Article Three, Section Seven.

Section 2. Amend section seven, article three of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 7. The General Assembly shall not pass any local or special law authorizing the creation, extension, or impairing of liens:

"Regulating the affairs of counties, cities, townships, wards, boroughs, or school districts:

"Changing the names of persons or places:

"Changing the venue in civil or criminal cases:

"Authorizing the laying out, opening altering, or maintaining roads, highways, streets or alleys:

"Relating to ferries or bridges, or incorporating ferry or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State:

"Vacating roads, town plats, streets or alleys:

"Relating to cemeteries, graveyards, or public grounds not of the State:

"Authorizing the adoption or legitimation of children:

"Locating or changing county-seats, erecting new counties or changing county lines:

"Incorporating cities, towns, or villages, or changing their charters:

"For the opening and conducting of elections, or fixing or changing the place of voting:

"Granting divorces:

"Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits, or school districts:

"Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election or school districts:

"Changing the law of descent or succession:

"Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery or other tribunals, or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcing of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate:

"Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen, justices of the peace, magistrates or constables:

"Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for such purposes:

"Fixing the rate of interest:

"Affecting the estates of minors or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment:

"Remitting fines, penalties and forfeitures, or refunding moneys legally paid into the treasury:

"Exempting property from taxation:

"Regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing:

"Creating corporations, or amending, renewing or extending the charters thereof:

"Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association or individual the right to lay down a railroad track:

"Nor shall the General Assembly indirectly enact such special or local law by the partial repeal of a general law; but laws repealing local or special acts may be passed:

"Nor shall any law be passed granting powers and privileges in any case where the granting of such powers and privileges shall have been provided for by general law, nor where the courts have jurisdiction to grant the same or give the relief asked for,"—so as to read as follows:—

Section 7. The General Assembly shall not pass any local or special law authorizing the creation, extension or impairing of liens:

Regulating the affairs of counties, cities, townships, wards, boroughs, or school districts:

Changing the names of persons or places:

Changing the venue in civil or criminal cases:

Authorizing the laying out, opening, altering, or maintaining roads, highways, streets or alleys:

Relating to ferries or bridges, or incorporating ferry or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State:

Vacating roads, town plats, streets or alleys:

Relating to cemeteries, graveyards, or public grounds not of the State:

Authorizing the adoption, or legitimation of children:

Locating or changing county-seats, erecting new counties or changing county lines:

Incorporating cities, towns or villages, by changing their charters:

For the opening and conducting of elections, or fixing or changing the place of voting:

Granting divorces:

Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits, or school districts:

Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election or school districts:

Changing the law of descent or succession:

Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery or other tribunals, or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcing of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate:

Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen, justices of the peace, magistrates or constables:

Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for such purposes:

Fixing the rate of interest:

Affecting the estates of minors or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment:

Remitting fines, penalties and forfeitures, or refunding moneys legally paid into the treasury:

Exempting property from taxation:

Regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing; but the legislature may regulate and fix the wages or salaries, the hours of work or labor, and make provision for the protection, welfare and safety of persons employed by the State, or by any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village, or other civil division of the State, or by any contractor or sub-contractor performing work, labor or service for the State, or for any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village or other civil division thereof:

Creating corporations, or amending, renewing or extending the charters thereof:

Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association, or individual the right to lay down a railroad track:

Nor shall the General Assembly indirectly enact such special or local law by the partial repeal of a general law; but laws repealing local or special acts may be passed.

Nor shall any law be passed granting powers or privileges in any case where the granting of such powers and privileges shall have been provided for by general law, nor where the courts have jurisdiction to grant the same or give the relief asked for.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 2.
ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Three.

A CONCURRENT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section three of article eight of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania (if the Senate concur), That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Section 2. Amend section three of article eight, which reads as follows: "All judges elected by the electors of the State at large may be elected at either a general or municipal election, as circumstances may require. All the elections for judges of the courts for the several judicial districts, and for the county, city, ward, borough, and township officers, for regular terms of service, shall be held on the municipal election day; namely, the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November in each odd-numbered year, but the General Assembly may by law fix a different day, two-thirds of all the members of each House consenting thereto: Provided, That such elections shall always be held in an odd-numbered year," so as to read:

Section 3. All judges elected by the electors of the State at large may be elected at either a general or municipal election, as circumstances may require. All elections for judges of the courts for the several judicial districts, and for county, city, ward, borough, and township officers, for regular terms of service, shall be held on the municipal election day; namely, the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November in each odd-numbered year, but the General Assembly may by law fix a different day, two-thirds of all the members of each House consenting thereto: Provided further, That all judges for the courts of the several judicial districts holding office at the present time, whose terms of office may end in an odd-numbered year, shall continue to hold their offices until the first Monday of January in the next succeeding even-numbered year.

A true copy of Concurrent Resolution No. 3.
ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Four.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section one of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, relating to taxation.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Section 2. Amend section one of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:

"All taxes shall be uniform, upon the same class of subjects, within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected under general laws; but the General Assembly may, by general laws, exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity," so as to read as follows:

All taxes shall be uniform upon the same class of subjects, within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected under general laws, and the subjects of taxation may be classified for the purpose of laying graded or progressive taxes; but the General Assembly may, by general laws, exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 4.
ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Five.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Article IX.

Section 15. No obligations which have been heretofore issued, or which may hereafter be issued, by any county or municipality, other than Philadelphia, to provide for the construction or acquisition of waterworks, subways, underground railways or street railways, or the appurtenances thereof, shall be considered as a debt of a municipality, within the meaning of section eight of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania or of this amendment, if the net revenue derived from said property for a period of five years, either before or after the acquisition thereof, or, where the same is constructed by the county or municipality, after the completion thereof, shall have been sufficient to pay interest and sinking-fund charges during said period upon said obligations, or if the said obligations shall be secured by liens upon the respective properties, and shall impose no municipal liability. Where municipalities or counties shall issue obligations to provide for the construction of property, as herein provided, said municipalities or counties may also issue obligations to provide for the interest and sinking-fund charges accruing thereon until said properties shall have been completed and in operation for a period of one year, and said municipalities and counties shall not be required to levy a tax to pay said interest and sinking-fund charges, as required by section ten of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, until after said properties shall have been operated by said counties or municipalities during said period of one year. Any of the said municipalities or counties may incur indebtedness in excess of seven per centum, and not exceeding ten per centum, of the assessed valuation of the taxable property therein, if said increase of indebtedness shall have been assented to by three-fifths of the electors voting at a public election, in such manner as shall be provided by law.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 5.
ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

May Get $5 a Day.

If a decision handed down by Judge Robert S. Frazer, of Allegheny county, is sustained by the higher courts the election officers of Lycoming and other counties will each be entitled to $1.50 in addition to the amount already paid them for conducting the primary election on Tuesday, says the Williamsport "Sun and News."

Some time ago Auditor General A. W. Powell asked the attorney general for an opinion as to whether the act of 1913 fixing the pay of election officers at $5 would apply to the primary on Tuesday. The department ruled that as the officers were elected before the passage of the law, their pay could not be increased. However, Judge Frazer holds that all election officers should be paid for the primaries under the new act.

Under the old law the primaries were held between the hours of 2 p. m. and 8 p. m. and judges, inspectors and clerks each received $1.75, one-half the amount received for a general election when the polls were open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Under the new law the primary hours are the same as for the general election, and many county commissioners decided that the election officers should be paid the same amount as they received for a general election under the old law, $3.50 for the day. In cases where a member of the board had been appointed to fill a vacancy since the new law was passed he was paid the new rate, $5 per day. The same rule was followed in other counties of the state, except in Allegheny county where it was proposed to pay election officers the new rate of $5.

On Wednesday a Pittsburg election officer filed a bill in equity to restrain the county commissioners and county controller from paying the $5 rate. The case was argued before Judge Frazer, who decided in favor of the $5 rate. His decision reads: "Whatever restriction there may be upon the power of the legislature to change the pay of election officers for their services at elections provided by the constitution, the prohibition of the constitution does not apply to a case where a new duty of holding primaries is imposed upon the persons who have been elected as election officers, and therefore the act above mentioned (1913) determines their compensation."

Should the decision be sustained and various county election officers insis upon being paid the $5 rate the amount will be returned to the county by the state, as the state pays all expense incidents to the holding of an election, including the printing and distribution of ballots and supplies.

Notice to Hunters.

In a circular letter sent to all the newspapers of the state, Joseph Kalbfus, secretary of the state game commission, announces that the 15 days of grace which he allowed to enable hunters to procure their resident hunters' license had expired, and that those interested in enforcing the law have now been instructed to arrest all hunters found without the license required by law properly displayed.

These licenses can be secured only from the several county treasurers of the commonwealth or from justices of the peace who have been authorized by the county treasurer to represent him in this matter. They may be secured either personally or by letter. A description of the applicant is necessary. The game commission has no authority whatever to issue these licenses to any other person than a county treasurer.

Mrs. Margaret Rowe Dead.

Mrs. Margaret Rowe, mother of John C. Rowe formerly of Bellefonte, died recently at her home in Butler, aged 90 years.

ROMANCE OF A DRAMATIST.

Jean Richepin's Flight From a Life of Drudgery to Fame.

The story of how Jean Richepin came to adopt a literary career is picturesque. For some time he had picked up a precarious livelihood by doing "odd jobs," including such prosaic occupations as that of bootblack and casual porter on the Quai Marseilles. One day he was engaged by a gentleman to carry to the railway station a heavy trunk. Arrived at the station, there was an instant mutual recognition. They were old college chums.

"What are you doing here?" asked his friend.

"Carrying your trunk, I believe," said Jean.

"Why do you do this?"

"Because I must."

"Where do you live?"

"Come and see," replied Richepin.

The future dramatist took his friend to his dwelling—a miserable room in an attic in the poorest quarter of the town. Upon the table lay scattered heaps of manuscripts—Jean's incursions in the realms of poetry when the more prosaic duties of the day were over. Looking through them, his friend was astounded at their quality. "Why do you carry trunks and blacken boots when you can do work like this?" he asked. Richepin had never given the matter a thought. He had never deemed these products of idle hours worthy of publication. Published they were, however, in a very few weeks and created an immense sensation. From that moment Jean Richepin never looked back.—Westminster Gazette.

SPLIT ON A TOOTHBRUSH.

Their Points of View Couldn't Agree; Hence the Clash.

When the tall girl found the mistress of the six room flat washing dishes she asked what had happened to Mary.

"Mary has left," said the housekeeper. "I insulted her yesterday morning at 10 o'clock, and at 11 she packed her trunk and skipped.

"We had a row over toothbrushes. Mary exhibited an unparalleled interest in toothbrushes. Every brush she came to was taken up and turned over and over and commented on admiringly or the reverse.

"Finally she came to mine. I could see at once that she liked it.

"'Whose is this?' she asked.

"'Mine,' I said.

"She poured out a glass of water and dipped the brush in.

"'Oh, well,' she said, 'I won't be afraid to use it, then.'

"For a moment I stood there literally stupefied, but soon I saw that prompt action was necessary, and I caught Mary's arm in a painful grasp.

"'Put it down this instant,' I commanded. 'Put it down.'

"Mary drew back and withered me out of the corner of her eye.

"'Dear me,' she said, 'how touchy some folks are! I never work for touchy folks.'

"And so we parted. She seemed unable to get my point of view on toothbrush etiquette, and I seemed unable to get hers, so we thought it best to sever our relations."—New York Times.

Wren's Bomb For St. Paul's.

St. Paul's—old St. Paul's—once knew the effect of a bomb that actually exploded. After the great fire it was at first thought that the ruins might be repaired, but too much damage having been done it was decided to pull the fabric down—a task in which many lives were lost. To put an end to the tedious work Wren hit upon the idea of inclosing eighteen pounds of gunpowder in a wooden box and exploding it under the central tower. The result was to lift the arches some nine inches, so that the ruins "suddenly jumping down made a great heap of ruin in the place without scattering." The architect proudly boasted that his powder box had lifted 3,000 tons and saved the labor of 1,000 men.—London Graphic.

"Celestial" as Applied to China.

Every one knows the epithet "Celestial" applied to China, but few know its origin. According to a very old legend, Tibet is a fragment of a planet, once peopled by a yellow race, which in some way became detached and fell on the earth. The dazed inhabitants of the fragment were uninjured and, cold and hungry, they made their way toward China, which they peopled. This origin of the Chinese race led to their calling themselves "Celestials," and it is for this reason that the emperor calls himself Son of Heaven. Such, at least, is the legend.—Toronto Globe.

Grandma's Old Friend.

An old lady laughed immoderately at a story told at a dinner in Chicago.

The story teller looked at her inquiringly.

"Oh," she gasped, "it's a great favorite of mine. The first time I heard it I laughed so hard I almost kicked the footboard off my crib!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Her Strong Hint.

"Miss Pinkie, how do you like my new hat?"

"I like it ever so much better, Mr. Smykins, when you are holding it in your hand."—Chicago Tribune.

Put Down Trouble.

Willie—My father put down a disturbance last night.

Billie—Is that right?

"Yes. He ate a Welsh rabbit."—Yonkers Statesman.

The need of charity is always the result of evil produced by men's greed.—Tom L. Johnson.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., September 25, 1913

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub.

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—— Advertising Rates. ——

One Column, 1 year.....$100
One Half Column, 1 year..... 60
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 35
Legal Notices (if no special contract exists) 10 cents per line each insertion, nonpareil measure.

Wireless message from the Customs House in Philadelphia to a certain gentlemen in Millheim: "For consolation see Irv Dreese."

William S. Furst, Esq., of Philadelphia, visited in Bellefonte over Sunday, with his mother, Mrs. Caroline C. Furst.

The result of the recent Democratic primaries is further notice to applicants for the Bellefonte postmastership to smile pleasantly on meeting the new Surveyor of the Port.

Theodore Davis Boal, of Boalsburg, one of the Roosevelt managers and financial supporters last November, has been suggested for the regular Republican nomination for Congress in this district.

At the recent primaries virtually all of the candidates for Superior Court Judge were unknown to the voters. Kephart made himself known by means of printer's ink and polled a fine complimentary vote. It pays to advertise.

If the "Democratic Watchman" doesn't hurry perhaps the new Surveyor of the Port will be first under the wire with the name of the Democratic candidate of ten years ago for whom Elk County brewery boodle was used in Centre County.

Wonderful how great minds run in the same channel. General Kurtz, resplendent in that uniform of blue, handsomely trimmed with gold and lace, made sure that the election returns showed Zerby to have beaten Bill Smith to a pulp and at once recalled the remarks of another General in urging peace half a century ago.

"Let Reason Prevail", remarked the "Democratic Watchman" just as it plunged the knife under the seventeenth rib of Surveyor of the Port Kurtz. "Let there be Harmony", remarked the "Centre Democrat" after poor Bill Smith had been nailed to the cross and Zerby safely landed as Democratic State Committeeman. With these few "remarks" the war may be said to be just begun.

PUBLIC BE D ——.

William Jennings Bryan, peeved because the public wanted to know about it, has issued a statement defying his critics and declaring that its nobody's business how many Chautauqua lectures he delivers at $250 per lecture. It is his own business, says Bryan, and he intends to continue giving lectures as long as Chautauqua promoters pay him his price. Mr. Bryan unhappily takes a view of the matter as would a man blunted by greed. Were he a private citizen it certainly would be nobody's business how many days and nights he hired out as a Chautauqua lecturer. If so happens, however, that Mr. Bryan holds a public position which pays him $12,000 per year, which salary he forgets is paid to him by the people of the United States. They are paying him this salary with the right to expect that he devote to their interests all of his time. Mr. Bryan would expect this much from any employe, and were he himself not in office he would be the first person to criticise a practice such as he is now engaged in. His sneering statement that its nobody's business doesn't lessen the fact that he is not honorably meeting a moral obligation as between a public servant and the public. The most charitable view one can take of the incident is that Mr. Bryan knows at this early day that the Republicans will return to power in 1916 and that while the opportunity lasts he is determined to line his pockets with the gold he professes to despise and abhor. Even more regrettable is the conclusion which forces itself upon all that President Wilson is at least in sympathy with Mr. Bryan's acts or lacks the courage to stop them. In some quarters the supicion is growing that the President's silent acquiescence in Mr. Bryan's lecture game may be intended to serve as a gentle hint to Chautauqua promoters that their corps of lecturers might find an additional recruit if the salary be made sufficiently attractive.

MR. WINEY ADVANCES.

Bellefonte friends of Rev. C. W. Winey are both sorry and glad to learn that he is going away. We are sorry for our loss of a neighbor and citizen who has done such good work here, who has made so many warm and admiring friends, and who has in more ways than one been an honor to the community. We are glad that he going since it means his advancement, a promotion to a larger field won by sheer merit. Every man who has come to know him will wish him God speed and good luck. May his efforts be crowned with the greatest success. Bellefonte welcomes Mr. Ralston, Mr. Winey's successor, extending to him the hand of fellowship and with it the hope that his residence and association with us may prove mutually pleasant and profitable.

According to Passport.

Prince Metchersky, who is a journalist by profession, was commissioned by the czar to investigate certain agrarian troubles. The prince went to Roumania and there obtained one of the permits necessary for taking live stock across the frontier. Then he went to a Russian frontier post and presented the document to the official as his warrant to pass. The official could read but little in Russian and knew no Roumanian, but the big document, with coat of arms and seal, greatly impressed him, and he cheerfully put the Russian official stamp on it. His investigations ended, the prince went back to Moscow and at the first opportunity presented the passport to the governor, saying:

"With this document I entered Russia and traveled about for five months, yet you must admit that the description of me is scarcely correct or flattering."

The amazed governor read that the prince was "one black sow, full grown, with one ear partly torn away."

The Skin on Boiled Milk.

What causes the formation of the skin on the surface of boiled milk and of hot cocoa that is made with boiled milk? Dr. Porcher of Lyons, France, says that it is the result of the disintegrating of the lime caseinate in the milk. Heat separates the lime and the casein, and the lime combines with carbonic acid from the air to form a thin film of carbonate of lime. This film suppo ts the undissolved casein in the milk as well as some coagulated albumen and fat.

The Amateur Photographer.

An amateur photographer was showing some snapshots of Italy.

"And these leaning buildings—what are they?" he was asked.

"They are some buildings in Pisa," he replied. "That perfectly straight one near them is the famous leaning tower."

A Misunderstanding.

She—I was rather disappointed in that gentleman to whom you introduced me last night. He—Indeed! How so? She—Why, you spoke of him as a bridge expert, and he turned out to be nothing but a famous engineer.—Boston Transcript.

Abnormal.

Inspector—Any abnormal children in your class, Miss Pedagogue? School teacher—Yes; one of them has good manners.—Life.

Another Mrs. Malaprop.

"No, she wouldn't listen to reason," said Mrs. Twickembury. "She was in a most indicative mood."—Christian Register.

Do not allow idleness to deceive you, for while you give him today he steals tomorrow from you.—Old Saying.

Too Soon to Answer.

The young man about town and the clever bachelor girl met on the street at 10 in the morning.

"Glad to see you out so early," cried the girl breezily. "Feeling well?"

"Pretty well," faltered the man.

"That's good. How did you like the lobster a la Newburg I made for you in the chafing dish last night?"

"I can't tell yet, dear lady. I'm just getting acquainted with it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Argument.

The extremely well dressed young man, with but few claims to financial success, was putting forth his best efforts to capture the girl of his choice.

"You say yourself, Marion," he pleaded, "that your father is anxious to get you off his hands."

"That's just it, Claude," she replied tremulously. "That's why I'm afraid he won't listen to you."—Lippincott's.

A Harsh Critic.

"That," said the futurist, pointing proudly to the canvas which he had just finished, "is my attempt to interpret the infinite."

"What did the infinite ever do to you?" asked the innocent bystander.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Didn't Like the Time Limit.

She—These reporters are so awfully careless! This paper says that I have been "for years one of the handsomest women in society." He—Well, my dear, what is the objection to that? She—Why, I never said anything about "for years."—Puck.

To achieve great success you must be courageous; a timid man is defeated at the outset.

ARIZONA KICKLETS

New Grain and Grist From the Editorial Mill.

THE PERILS OF THE EDITOR.

He Is Willing to Take a Chance, Although Several Leading Citizens Are Gunning For His Scalp—Notes of the Foreign Circulation.

By M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.]

THE last heard from our esteemed fellow townsman, Mr. Blood Red Jack, was that he was going in the direction of Florence on a mule that was trying to make twenty miles an hour. Mr. Jack was handling his guns a little too carelessly for this town.

Our genial host of the Royal hotel has had to shoot another guest for finding fault with the bill of fare, but he did it as gently as he could and only wounded him in the arm. The guest asked for broiled lobster and could not be induced to believe that summer bearsteak was a better thing.

George Tompkins, who was called a liar in this column last week, dropped in yesterday to have a shot at us, but when he got ready his gun failed to go

WE BADE HIM COME SOME OTHER DAY.

off. In our fatherly way in such cases we led him to the door and bade him come some other day. There is something lonely in the thought that a man is a liar and a failure at the same time.

Major Wharton of Utah writes us that he will come soon and put six bullets into our carcass. Come some day when we are not too busy, major. We like to give a man the worth of his money.

A city marshal is wanted at Givea dam Gulch to replace the one killed last week—salary $12 per week—and he will be expected to shoot straight and shoot quick. One without a family to mourn his demise preferred.

It is seldom that we mention our esteemed contemporary down the street, and we should not do so on this occasion except for his claiming in an editorial to have shot a road agent who attempted to hold him up last Saturday night. The agents in this country don't fool away their time holding up critters who don't have 50 cents in their pockets from one week's end to another. Our esteemed simply imagined the whole thing.

The report that 500 single women were on their way here from the east to find husbands turns out to be a canard. They couldn't find husbands if they came. About two out of every three of our men have wives somewhere back in the states and, having run away from one, don't want another.

It takes only one barrel of lard per week to grease the machinery of the greatest daily paper in America, while it takes fifty-five to grease the machinery of the Kicker. The business man who can't see where his advertising should be placed in a blind man.

Old Bill Williams has disappointed his friends again. Six weeks ago news came in that he had been eaten up by a mountain lion, and various individuals got drunk in memory of the occasion. Three days ago Old Bill came jogging in on his broncho looking as fine as ever. He said he did have a skirmish with a lion, but it was the lion that was eaten. He was allowed to shoot up the town to show that there was no hard feeling.

The Kicker's circulation in Japan is now 1,000,000 copies per week, and the figures in Siam have grown to be something startling. We started out to make a newspaper for the whole world, and we are doing it. We have just sent out an agent to push the circulation in Egypt and shall look for the best results.

About the fortieth petition to have us removed from the postmastership because we play poker was sent to Washington the other day and is in the postmaster general's wastebasket ere this. He will not remove us. He knows and loves the game of poker, and he has the sense to see that a man who can bluff a full house on a pair of ten spots

EMOTIONS OF ANGER.

Give Them a Little Play Rather Than Bottle Them Up Tightly.

There are a few universal habits in the human race which have strange primitive origins, and there are some which are universal because they have a physiological stimulus, and one of these latter is in the habit that a little child often has of stamping its feet when angry. Exactly the same thing occurs when a man, while he is angry, brings down his fist on the table. In both cases it is due to lack of nervous control

The nervous system is a unit, and most of the emotions of anger come from a sudden thwarting of a calculated nervous plan. Thus if we are about to sit down on a chair and a mischievous urchin yanks the chair away just as we have let the muscles of the thighs relax the anger excited is out of all proportion to the actual bruises that have resulted. If a child wants a pot of jam and is denied he is immediately angry unless he has been taught to control himself. The desire for the jam, for example, has set in motion a nerve plan, and when this is suddenly stopped there is a flow of nervous energy which has to spend itself in some way. In the case of the child, he usually works this off by stamping his feet and crying. In the case of the man, he usually goes through exactly the same processes by thumping the table and swearing. In the case of a hysterical woman, she beats upon the floor with her heels and screams. It is all the same thing.

Strange as it may seem, moreover, the outflow of emotion is far better for an angry person than it is to bottle it up. Emotion is going to express itself in action somewhere, and if the muscles are kept still the brain cells will be exhausted instead. Emotional force has got to go somewhere. It can't just stop and disappear. Too great a suppression of the emotions leads to a gradual atrophy of them, and when the emotions begin to die out the person himself or herself is of comparatively little use to the world. It is for this reason that nothing should ever be done to "break" a child's temper, but only to guide it into right channels. You can teach a child not to lose control of his temper, but never, as you value the child's development, try to train him not to be angry.—New York American.

What the Patent Home Will Be.

The number of patents issued last year was greatly in excess of all other years. And yet nobody in all inventive America has patented a home. We must all live. The old home is now a back number. It is bound in time to be succeeded by the patent home. Hasten the day. The patent home will have all its beds made up automatically. It will cook its own meals, keep itself dusted, decorated and disinfected. It will heat the baby's milk at all hours of the night and will be servantless. All the pictures will be changed at regular intervals, and new furniture will automatically replace the old. Family prayers will be provided by phonograph, and births, weddings and funerals will be covered by pressing a button.—Life.

Transmitting Electricity.

When an electric current flows through a conductor it is not sent or pushed through, like a fluid in a pipe, but is rather handed on from particle to particle. In other words, it is a transfer of electrical energy which can be illustrated by setting up a row of rubber balls tangent to each other.

Now, if we strike these balls at one end the energy will be transferred from ball to ball and can be utilized at the other. Here we had no actual flow, and yet the energy was transferred from one end to the other.

The basic units which we use are the unit of the rate of flow, or ampere; the unit of electrical pressure, or volt, and the unit of resistance to flow, or the ohm.—Aera.

A Splendid Record.

During the several years that Rev. C. W. Winey has been pastor of the Bellefonte United Brethren church he has been a dominating factor in a proud record of achievements. During the time he has been in Bellefonte the Sunday school has been greatly increased. There have been added to the church 108 new members, there have been 170 baptisms, 78 marriages and 93 funerals. At the parsonage electric light has been installed also a bath, concrete cellar and walks, a new stone walk in Thomas Street, a triangular piece of ground at the church building has been purchased, a furnace for the church has been installed, the church and parsonage have been painted, a new basement put in and furnace installed and a mortgage paid off. The lawn about the church has also been improved.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation—Advt.

MIDSUMMER FROCK.

The Dolly Varden Garden Party Costume.

FOULARD DRESS IN PINK AND WHITE.

Charming are the midsummer frocks in Dolly Varden style. This one of figured foulard in pink and white pattern opens over a chiffon petticoat, on which are pink satin buttons.

The skirt flounce and trimming touches are also of pink satin.

For the Tailor Made Hat.

The hat of tailor made persuasion which is so useful an adjunct of the tailor made suit may be altered in various ways by being provided with several changes of trimming. A novel notion that has occurred to a girl with good ideas can be turned to account. When a new crown band, ribbon or bow is added to the hat a necktie to match it in color should be chosen. In this way a dark suit may be given a touch of brilliance which will add greatly to its appearance.

Supposing a band of cord and beads be added to the hat, then the soft white collar may be fixed together in front by an ornament, made on a safety pin, of beads and cord to match the band.

Another day a band of colored velvet ribbon with donkey ear bows at the sides will diversify the appearance of the hat, and then the collar will be finished with a large bow to match, fastened upon the blouse with fancy pins.

One of the prettiest trimmings for the tailor made hat on a fine day is a closely plaited frill of cream colored lace, with a frill to match worn upon the blouse. Strictly speaking, such a hat is not, of course, entitled to the name of tailor made. It is the "betwixt and between" hat that is particularly useful at this season of the year. Neither too severe nor too dressy, made of honey colored straw with posy rings at the sides, from which spring taffeta "wings," such a hat is extremely becoming.

Boxed His Royal Ears.

The present kaiser in his youth was a frequent visitor at the country home of Sir Hugh and Lady Macdonell. "He was then," writes Lady Macdonell in "Reminiscences of a Diplomatic Life," "a fine young man with a strong sense of fun and fond of teasing.

"He liked our English teas and afterward used to claim me for a game of drafts. In the salon there was a big window with a deep seat that he especially favored. To this a small table was drawn up, and fine battles ensued over the board.

"I shall never forget one occasion when he accused me of cheating. He was so apparently serious that I became infuriated, and, unmindful of his high estate or my duty as hostess, I impulsively leaned across the table and boxed his ears. His sense of humor and the satisfaction of having been so successful in working upon my feelings saved the situation. I received full punishment later, for ever afterward when he met me he used to cry, 'I know a lady who cheats at drafts!' "

Ways of Darkest Africa.

In his book, "Thinking Black," Mr. Dan Crawford, who is held in England to be the successor to Livingstone, gives a curious picture of his missionary experiences in Africa. He helped to establish the mission station at Lunanza, built on a cliff overhanging the Great White lake. Here, with unfailing success, he preached the gospel to the uttermost parts of Africa, drawing the natives to him from far distant places. On the woman question he is particularly interesting. He became aware of a secret society which flourishes in Central Africa. It is a sacred institution with hidden rites and ceremonies. Its purpose is to keep husbands in subjection. This is hardly the idea which the civilized world has of the place of woman in Africa, but, as Mr. Crawford says, nearly everything there is reversed, according to white notions.

Mrs. Mary M. Miller Dead.

Mrs. Mary Martha Miller died at the Bellefonte hospital at 11.15 o'clock on Sunday morning, last, aged 38 years, 8 months and 3 days. Her death followed childbirth. Deceased before her marriage was Miss Mary M. Hall. She was a daughter of William and Eliza Hall and was born at Greenwood furnace. Surviving are her husband, James Miller, and these children: Florence E., S. Herbert, Nellie R., S. Hazel, Carl H., Lelma Virginia, Mildred Mary, Margaret G., and Minnie M. Surviving also are these brothers and sisters: William Hall, of Burnham; Richard, of Erie; Mrs. John Vandlan, of Burnham. Funeral services were held from the Forge church on Tuesday, conducted by Rev. Mr. Stimer.

Andrew Tomco Dead.

Andrew Tomco, a well known citizen of Centre County, died on September 20th and was buried on Monday morning, last, at the Pine Hall cemetery. Deceased was born across the seas on August 12, 1860, making his age 53 years, 1 month and 8 days. Leaving his native land in 1885 he came to this country and went to Scotia, obtaining a position which he held for five years. He then returned to his home country, remaining two years and again removed to Scotia, where he worked for four years and then sent for his family to join him. He was a man who possessed many good traits and by those who knew him well he was held in high esteem. Surviving him are his widow and three children: Paul, Andrew, Jr., and Mary.

Miles O Hoy Dead.

Miles O. Hoy, a resident of State College, died at his late home at that place on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. His death resulted from pneumonia. Deceased was aged 51 years and was the son of the late Albert and Mary Hoy. Surviving are his widow, who was formerly Miss Annie Corl, and these children: Mrs. Verna Waltz, of Altoona; Walter and Elmer, residing at State College, and Twila, Eugene and Dorothy, at home. Funeral services were held today.

John McMonigal Dead.

John McMonigal, Jr., one of Pot Matilda's well known and popular young men, died on Sunday morning about 4 o'clock of typhoid fever. He was a son of Daniel and Emma McMonigal and was aged 17 years. He was a very bright young man and quite a favorite among a large circle of friends. The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock at Mt Pleasant Methodist Episcopal church. The young man is survived by his parents, one brother and two sisters.

Mrs. Rose E. Loss Dead.

Mrs. Rose E. Loss, of Howard, died in a Philadelphia hospital on Monday morning last, after apparently rallying from an operation for the removal of gall stones. Her remains were brought to Howard on Tuesday for interment. The maiden name of the deceased was Miss Rose E. Treaster. She was twice married, her first husband being Irvin Schenck. She was afterward married to John Loss.

Owen Hancock Dead.

Owen Hancock died at his home in Philipsburg, Tuesday morning, September 16. While in failing health for several years and frequently having attacks which gave his family and friends much concern, he was taken with the illness that confined him to his bed and resulted in his death a little over one week before. He was aged 85 years and 22 days.

Roy Smith Dead.

Roy Smith, son of Edward Smith, at one time a resident of Coleville, died on Tuesday night in the Williamsport hospital. He had been ill from fever for a number of days. His remains were brought to Bellefonte yesterday for interment here tomorrow. Deceased was aged 19 years and was a fireman on the Pennsylvania Railroad. His parents now reside in Elk County.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Thomas Foster et al to Nancy Henderson et al, tract of land in State College; $450.

A. C. Mingle et ux to Charles Lockington et ux, tract of land in Bellefonte; $1200.

Jos. L. Peters to Elizabeth Killin, tract of land in Benner twp.; $900.

J. Wilmer Henszey et ux to Clarence O. Harris, tract of land in State College; $500.

John Hamilton et ux to J. Wilmer Henszey, tract of land in State College; $500.

Troy Heirs to Joe Troy, tract of land in State College; $100.

Walter C. Stephens to Elizabeth Charlton, tract of land in Cassanova; $625.

Susan Markley to George A. Frank, tract of land in S. Philipsburg; $400.

Thomas Foster et al to Martha W. Way et al, tract of land in State College; $400.

William A. Walker et ux to Harry E. Young, tract of land in Curtin twp.; $475.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store.

Eggs, per dozen	.30
Butter, per pound	.28

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.80
Wheat, red	.85
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.75
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.75
Oats, (per bu.)	.40
Rye, (per bu.)	.65
Barley, (per bu.)	.55
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.50

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

Squire A. A. Pletcher is seen strutting about with a broad smile and when asked the reason proudly answers, "a brand new little boy has come to call me grandpa." Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Robb are the proud parents of the little laddie.

Joseph Loder, who recently went to Harrisburg to take treatment from a specialist is, we are glad to say, improving and will be able to be home in a short time.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. J A. Pifer was made happy by the home-coming of their children and friends on last Sunday. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dorman, of Altoona; Malcom, accompanied by the Misses Lucile and Sarah Wetzel, of Bellefonte, and Miss Ivie, teacher of Frain's school. It was all the more enjoyable because their brother Charlie, who had the typhoid fever so bad, was able to be with them.

Mrs. Sue Knoll, who has been spending the last few months in Philadelphia, has arrived home for the winter.

Mrs. S. H. Bennison entertained on Monday at dinner for several of her lady friends from Bellefonte.

The Ladies' Aid of the Evangelical church met on Monday at the home of Mrs. F. S. Dunham and quilted three haps. Any one in need of such work give these ladies a call as they are "hustlers."

Editor Dunham transacted business in Lock Haven on Monday.

Miss Mittie Lucas, our popular millinery arrived in town on Sunday with her up-to-date line of millinery goods. Any one giving her a call will be more than satisfied as she carries hats for all people and all purses.

Mrs.. John Mokle visited among friends at Lemont and State College last week.

Mrs. Ward Thompson visited with friends one day this week.

Miss Dorothy Weber has enrolled as a student at Meyerstown College for the coming term.

Misses Laura and Della Williams have returned from their Philadelphia trip.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Tipton, of McKeesport, are here on a visit out on their farm.

Alfred Strickland, of Mt. Eagle, nearly had his hand taken off in the handle factory at that place.

John Holter, of Johnsonburg, is visiting relatives here.

Roland Mann, on R. D. 1, of Howard, isn't any better at this writing.

Lulu Masdon, of Williamsport, is here visiting relatives on R. F. D. 1.

Mrs. J. Z. Long and grand-daughter, Mame, of Clarksburg, W. Va., departed Thursday after a four weeks' visit with friends here.

Miss Lizzie Boone, who had been at a Philadelphia hospital for treatment, returned home Friday.

Mrs. D. L. Welch made a business trip to Bellefonte Thursday.

Trena Pletcher and Florence Confer spent Saturday evening with Ethel Bitner, at Mt. Eagle.

C. M. Fox and wife, of this place, were called to Tylersville, on Tuesday, to attend the funeral of his brother-in-law, Samuel Wolfe.

J. W. Laudenslayer and daughter, Miss Charlotte, visited relatives, C. M. Fox and S. I Reber, of this place.

Mrs. John Loss, of this place, died in the Germantown Hospital, in Philadelphia, last Sunday at 11 p. m., aged forty-eight years. The deceased was twice married, her first husband, Irvin Schenck, preceeded her to the grave, twenty years ago. Her second husband John Loss, resides in Howard. The last sad rites were performed by Rev. Zeckman, of the Reformed church, and her remains were interred in the Schenck cemetery.

Mr. J. Z. Loder transacted business in Bellefonte the early part of the week.

Mrs. John Boone did shopping in Lock Haven on Monday.

Mrs. J. B. Holter has shipped her household goods to State College, where she will take charge of a large Fraternity house.

Mt. Eagle.

Mr. Miller, of Mill Hall, and Miss Lose were guests on Sunday at the home of George Hiram.

Rev. Mr. Stigert, of Clarion County, preached for the Disciples in the Mt. Eagle church on Sunday.

Elmer Gettig, of Tyrone, and his brother Harry, of Howard, visited on Sunday with their sister, Mrs. Hays Daughenbaugh.

Mrs. Benjamin Shupp, of Tyrone, was a visitor on Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pheasant.

Miss Thomas, of Howard, was here looking after her music class between trains last Friday.

Earl H. Leathers, the handle factory man, was a business visitor to Williamsport last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wagner, of Howard, took supper at the Pheasant home one evening recently.

The railroad men think they will finish with the subway this month.

Those on the sick list include Mrs. Jacob Shank, who does not seem to be improving very rapidly; also George Hiram, for whom it was necessary to call in a doctor last Sunday evening.

The railroad company had a big force of men on hand last Sunday shifting the bridge above Curtin over the Bald Eagle creek.

The Leathers brothers, of the stock farm, have taken their herd of Holsteins back to Mill Hall Condensary.

Clarence Leathers, a son of Mrs. Etta Leathers, is attending the Bellefonte Academy.

Little Billie Robinson, a son of Al. Robinson, was thrown off a mule one day last week and had his nose broken.

"Fine Feathers."

The story of "Fine Feathers" is one of the kind that will keep pace with the trend of the times as it is said to be on of real life and not of romance, and hits the high cost of living. It is described as a modern drama in four acts by Eugene Walter, author of "Paid in Full", "The Easiest Way", "The Wolf", "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine", etc, and will be seen here, for the first time, at Garman's Opera House, Monday evening, September 29th.

Briefly, the story of "Fine Feathers" is that of a pretty young wife in humble circumstances whose love for high living and fine feathers leads to trouble and a day of reckoning. The tempter comes along and tells the husband of an easy plan to make a large sum of money which, of course, is really a scheme to ruin the lives of others. The husband refuses to listen to the plan but the wife, overhearing the conversation, urges her husband to agree. He refuses to do so until she threatens to leave him. The loss of his wife looms up so great that he finally succumbs and they are next found in a luxurious suburban home, furnished exquisitely with the "graft" money. The tempter soon leads the young man to the stock market and further ruin and before long the young couple are again facing poverty and fear of imprisonment.

Upon this premise Mr. Walter has written a big, human document which is said to be replete with all of the searing invective at his command. He has dared to write a message to the American people telling them the truth about things as they exist today and in his pulsating work of draughtsmanship he has depicted the futility of graft as a means to happiness.

$1500.00 WORTH

Of Men's, Women's, Misses', Boys,' Girls,' Children's and Infant's Sweater Coats

any size, any style, any color, and any price you choose to pay are now here for your inspection. There is not a store in Centre County can show you such an assortment of Sweater Coats, nor such good values as we are now offering.

LADIES HEAVY SWEATER $1.48

Ladies' heavyweight, plain ribbed, part wool sweater coat. Shaped at waist, has two pockets, fine pearl buttons and a coat that will fit well and give lots of service, and is never sold for less than $2.00. Size 34 to 44. Colors are oxford grey and white. Ladies Fine Ribbed all Wool Coat **$2.98.**

75c MEN'S HEAVY COTTON COAT 48c

This is our special heavy cotton sweater coat for men. It will give lots of service is as good as any coat sold for 75c. Size 34 to 44. In grey and blue only

MEN'S HONEY COMB SWEATER 98c

This is our special extra heavy, part wool plain oxford grey coat for men, ful large sizes, large pearl buttons. 34 to 44.

Claster's **Bellefonte Pa.**

Pine Grove Mills.

The drought here was broken by a whole day's rain on Sunday.

J. G. Houck is handling the yardstick behind the counters in the big store of Joseph & Co. in Bellefonte.

Mrs. Blair Brown, of Tyrone, spent last week among her many friends in Boalsburg.

Charley Meyers has the auto fever.

Goldis Gates is nursing a broken arm, the result of a fall.

Gid Weiland, of Franklinville, transacted business hereabouts last week.

N. Gates, wife and youngsters spent Monday at his mother's home at Gatesburg. Nash is a fireman on the middle division of the Pennsy.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Heberling, of State College, spent the Sabbath with his mother on Main Street, returning to his desk in the First National Bank on Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Smith are down from Altoona assisting and caring for Mrs. Smith's father, W. D. Port, who is slowly recovering from a paralytic stroke on the 16th.

Isaac O. Campbell, Professor C. A. Weaver and J. A. Fortney served as jurors in Bellefonte this week.

J. H. Bailey, J. E. Williams, Gordon Harper, H. C. Houck and A. C. Kepler are gunning for sheep dogs that recently killed and mutilated their flocks. These pests have been hovering around all summer and have done sufficient damage to convict the entire pack and bill them direct todog heaven via the bullet route.

Miss Sara Hess is having erected a new front porch along the entire width of her home. Ward & Sons have the job.

The dedication of the new Lutheran church at Gatesburg will take place on Sunday, October 12th.

A new barn is being built on the burned site on the Sunday form. Howard Barr has the contract.

That famous bird, the stork, was liberal in his rounds last week, leaving a chubby little boy at the W. K. Goss home, a daughter at the Harry Eyer home and an eleven pound girl at C. L. Goodling's home. All are doing splendidly.

Dr. J. C. Bumgardner bought and loaded a double-decker with sheep and hogs for the Philadelphia market on Saturday.

Fred Decker, of Staten Island, N. Y., is spending several weeks visiting old friends and neighbors in Centre County.

Clem Fortney came near losing his life while engaged in shifting switch ties. A bunch skidded and pinned him against a car. He was badly bruised, but very fortunately no bones were broken.

Aunt Tillie Musser, who is almost blind, last week missed her footing and fell down stairs, causing some very ugly bruises, but she is now getting along all right.

Squire Isaac Woomer, grain and hay merchant of Graysville, was here on Monday and purchased several carloads of hay and straw for his extensive trade westward.

Mrs. Susan Fatzinger, of Allentown, is visiting her father, Joseph Hettinger, at Boalsburg. He is a Civil war veteran and one of the battery's first defenders to march through the national capital when the dark clouds of war hung over that city.

Miss Edith Hartswick, of Altoona, is visiting relatives and friends down Penns valley.

After a month's visit with friends in the eastern part of the State, Mr. and Mrs. John Rupp returned home last week, delighted with their stay and also the journey.

William Meyers and son Paul, of Spring Mills, made a flying trip up Penns valley in the stock business last Thursday.

Mr J. H. Stover, son of Rev. S. C Stover, returned to his studies as a medical student at Valparasia College, Indiana.

Paul Rupp is now enrolled as a student at Mercersburg Academy.

Rev. Ralph Bergstresser is making demands for an increase in salary since the arrival of No 4 in his family. Its a boy.

One of G. Mc. Fry's cows was killed by the morning train on the Lewisburg road. The matter was easily adjusted with the railroad company.

W. J. Meyers is visiting old friends in and out of town and noting the changes in the fifteen years since he left here.

Dr. H. C. Campbell, connected with the University of Penna., spent last week at his old home at Fairbrook and made a short stay at State College, where he spent four years in agriculture.

Albert and James Myton, of Petersburg, were here last week and bought 130 head of sheep.

Notice.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Escee Company for the election of Directors and such other business as may then properly come before the meeting will be held at the office of the Company in State College, Pa., at 3 P. M., Friday, Oct. 31, 1913.

A. W. SMITH, Sec'y.

JUVENILE HEROISM.

The Brave Mexican Cadets at the Defense of Chapultepec.

Many incidents in the Mexican war are still recounted to fire the hearts of Mexicans. One of these occurred during the defense of Chapultepec, a defense that was as gallant as was the attack. In this attack forty-eight Mexican cadets, among others, lost their lives. The story is a stirring one.

For many years the celebrated castle of Chapultepec, where Montezuma held his barbaric court in the surrounding groves of cypresses, where during nearly three centuries lived the successive viceroys of Spain and where Maximilian made his imperial home, has been the West Point of Mexico.

When General Scott had taken the place by storm and General Bravo had surrendered, a Mexican cadet only fifteen years of age, seeing the flag of his country in peril, most of his comrades being already slain, climbed the flagstaff, tore the banner from its place, wound it around his body and slid down, intending to plunge over the precipice in order to save the colors from falling into the hands of the enemy.

That act of heroism being frustrated, the brave boy, with the banner still wrapped around him, fought until he was cut in pieces. Forty-eight of these schoolboys, ranging in age from fourteen to twenty years, lie buried in one grave at the foot of the hill. Year by year the cadets of Chapultepec strew flowers upon this sepulcher.—Harper's Weekly.

EARLY WORLD RECORDS.

Fossil Animals and Plants Constitute the Geologist's Key.

The work of the United States geological survey in paleontology—the study of fossil remains of animals and plants that lived ages ago—has a distinct bearing on some of the very practical economic problems of today.

The descriptive paleontologic reports are often treated as "pure science," yet instructive, striking or tedious as may be these delineations of the groups of animal or plant life which lived on the globe in some particular epoch there is not one of these papers describing the fauna or flora of a formation that does not prove sooner or later to possess practical value and to be essential to geology in its constantly increasing refinement of study and results.

Without paleontology the geologic classification of formations, their correlation and the determination of their mutual relations would be impossible. In fact, real and symmetrical progress in geology is impossible without corresponding interrelated development and refinement of its handmaid paleontology. The study of the economic geology of any region of complicated structure is blind and inconsequent unless the time relations of the strata concerned are known. These relations are indicated by the fossils which the strata contain.—Annual Report Director United States Geological Survey.

Cornish Place Names.

Cornish place names are remarkable for the number of obscure Celtic saints they commemorate, such as St. Tudy, St. Cuby, St. Uny, St. Enodoc, St. Brise and St. Finbarrow.

A story is told of a Cornish candidate for ordination who, when asked by the examining chaplain where he was born, replied, "At St. Eval," giving the local pronunciation. "Sandeval." "Good heavens!" exclaimed the chaplain, "I know they have some strange saints in Cornwall, but I should never have imagined they would canonize him!"

There are three other Cornish villages whose names it would be hard to match for singularity—Brumbla, London Apprentice and Drunkards All.—London Globe.

Wasted Time.

"Well, what did you do when the problem came up?"

"Wasted time. Went out and asked the advice of seventeen friends."

"What did you get?"

"Seventeen different solutions."

"And then?"

"Then I took the advice of an eighteenth friend and won out."

"And who was your eighteenth friend?"

"Myself."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Canadian Boundary.

The boundary between British and republican America is unmarked by anything in the nature of a wall or a fence. In traveling from Montreal to New York the train suddenly slows down and stops in the midst of green fields. It is then boarded by United States revenue officers, who want to know whether you have "anything to declare." That is how you know that you have reached the international boundary line.—London Chronicle.

Broken.

"Bjinks has broken his engagement with Miss Hansum, he says."

"Why did he break it?"

"She decided she wouldn't marry him, and he said he wouldn't be engaged to any girl who wouldn't marry him."—New York Mail.

Accommodating.

Husband—By Jove, I want something exciting to read—something really bloodcurdling! Helpful Wife—Here is my dressmaker's bill, dearest.—Puck.

Instinctive Translation.

Mother—John, I had a very touching letter from our boy Frank today. Father—How much did he touch you for?—Baltimore American.

For That Stubborn Cold

Prompt treatment of a cold may prevent the development of chronic catarrh or a chronic cough and save you from pneumonia or consumption—

Rexall Cold Tablets

will be found excellent for the relief of heavy cold—They usually clear the head, relieve hoarseness and difficult breathing, inflamation of the nasal passages, throat and bronchial tubes—We know the ingredients in these tablets and can recommend them—Don't fool with a cold—it don't pay—

These tablets are sold only at our store. Price 25c

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

Penny-A-Word Column.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son. Bellefonte, Pa.,

WANTED—Sober industrious young man to do dairy work. PARK VIEW DAIRY, Osceola Mills, Pa.

WANTED—A position as housekeeper in a small family by an experienced lady. Adress to P. O. Box 57, Blanchard, Pa.

FOR SALE—Single house and lot on WillowBank Street. Inquire MRS. S. E SATERFIELD, Bishop, Street, Bellefonte Pa.

FOR RENT—Two houses in first-class condition one is 4 rooms, one 5 rooms. Inquire of Mrs. William L. Steele, Sr., Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Experienced or young man to learn lunch business. Inquire, MOWRY'S CAFE. 6-19-3t Tyrone, Pa.

TEACHERS—I can give you some good bargains in reference books and dictionaries if you see me soon. E. J. WILLIAMS, Fleming Pa.

AGENTS—Either sex, to distribute free pkgs. Perfumed Laundry Starch. Good Pay. All or spare time. No money 539 Blumer Bldg. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE—Driving mare, blooded stock and pedigree; perfectly safe; not afraid of automobiles; may be driven by ladies. Inquire of or address R. C. Noll, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission. Doan Oil & Paint Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

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NOTICE.

Sealed proposals will be received at the Western Penitentiary, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, addressed to the Board of Inspectors of the Western Penitentiary, on or before Tuesday, October 14th, 1913, at one P. M., for the construction of a Death House, property of the Western Penitentiary, Rockview Station, P. R. R. (Bellefonte, Nittany & Lemont Railroad) Centre County.

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Office of the Architect, John T. Windrim, Commonwealth Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

Proposals must be made upon the blank forms provided for that purpose.

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Superintendent of Construction.
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The Moon and the Ocean

Together They Exert a Peculiar Influence

By RYLAND BELL

Ernest Southmayd, a young American, finding a business opening in Hongkong, China, went out there to live. He prospered, but somehow never reached a point where he felt satisfied with his exile. It occurred to him that if he were married he would cease to be constantly pining for home and be content to wait before returning to America till he could make himself financially independent.

As to marrying a Chinese woman, that was not to be thought of. The English women he met in China he did not fancy, and there were very few Americans there. It would be next to impossible for him to return home, and even if he could do so to make such a trip for the purpose of marrying a wife with no woman in view would be absurd. It occurred to him that he might open a correspondence with some one of the girls he had known before his departure for China, which might ripen into, if not love, at least a matrimonial arrangement that would bring love after marriage.

Almost every young man who has exiled himself can think of some girl he has left behind him whom he would prefer to others. Southmayd had looked with a kindly eye upon Julia Courtney, the sister of an intimate friend of his. He had never made love to her, nor had she shown any special preference for him. Nevertheless if she could be induced—for the sake of a home, if nothing more—to come out to China and marry him he was perfectly ready to fulfill his part of such a plan himself.

So he sat down and wrote her brother Stephen a long letter, telling him about his prospects, the life he led, etc., and asking him to reply, giving him all the home news. In his letter he adopted a method common with women—he put the principal part of it in a postscript:

If you haven't time to write me the home news please ask your sister to take pity on a poor exile and do it for you.

Whether or not Julia had an inkling of what this meant when her brother showed her the postcript and said to her that what Southmayd wanted she could do better than he, she said she would "see about it" and in time wrote ten or twelve pages of home news, a part of which was rather home gossip, and sent it off over the waters to Ernest Southmayd.

In due time the plan worked out as the recipient had intended. After writing for a time on general topics Southmayd began to hint at what he wished for, and Julia, being a practical person, helped him on by writing what might mean nothing or might mean a great deal.

The truth is Julia was twenty-four years of age. No matrimonial rain cloud had appeared in the sky, and she began to fear a perpetual drought. After months of correspondence she not only consented to marry Southmayd, but agreed to go to China for that purpose.

By the time the young woman started on her journey, which, if not a bridal trip, was at least a trip for the purpose of becoming a bride, eleven months had elapsed since the correspondence had been opened. From practical planning Southmayd had worked himself up to fever heat. The last letters he wrote to Julia to reach her before she sailed were almost lover-like. She would proceed all the way by water, crossing the Atlantic, sailing the length of the Mediterranean, thence through the Suez canal to eastern waters.

Southmayd counted every day till she was due to arrive in Hongkong. When the ship came in he was on hand to meet her; but, though he watched for her among the passengers to come ashore, he saw nothing of her. When the last person had passed him he felt sure that he had seen every woman's face but one. That one woman was veiled and was attended by an Englishman in army uniform.

The groom expectant was surprised, appalled. What did it mean? Boarding the steamer, he asked the purser if the name of Julia Courtney appeared on the passenger list. He was informed that a passenger by that name had been transferred from a ship sailing from New York to Naples, but she had been married soon after passing out from the Suez canal to Captain Claphalle of the Seventy-first regiment of British foot.

Southmayd reeled. Something was surely wrong.

"Why," he said, "Miss Julia Courtney came from New York to marry me!"

The purser looked at the disappointed man pityingly. "My dear sir," he said, "you're not the first man who has expected a bride and found one—the bride of another. I've been on the salt water many years, and there's something about it that draws the sexes together. I've seen young women start out to be missionaries and turned into wives before reaching port. And I can count up a number of women during my sea life that have gone out to marry certain men and got switched off with others during the voyage."

Southmayd went home greatly disappointed. For a year he had been planning to bring out a wife for himself only to have her snapped up by another before he could get her to Hongkong.

He found at his home it had just arrived—a note from the girl who had come out to marry him and married another man on the way. She made no effort to excuse herself. She admitted that she had treated him shamefully, but said she simply couldn't help it. He wrote a number of replies, but tore them all up, intending when he had recovered from the shock to write her something magnanimous. But he never could think of anything appropriate to say to her. He couldn't very well say "It's of no consequence, I assure you," nor could he say that she had "pained him deeply," for the first would be uncomplimentary and the second would be blame. So the lady never received a reply to her note.

But Southmayd was not a man to be easily discouraged. Since the beginning of his correspondence courtship he had got his business affairs into such shape that he might leave them for a short period. He determined that, if he made another engagement, rather than have his bride elect risk the fascination of a sea voyage he would go to her. This was the result of his experience with his first fiancee, confirmed by the information he had derived from the purser. He had not before been aware that the sexes, thrown together within the narrow compass of a ship, during a voyage were so liable to be brought down by the tender passion. He had supposed that most of them were victims of seasickness, and, as for himself, when in that condition Venus herself would have no attraction for him. But he firmly resolved that he would never take the same risk a second time.

In time a letter came from his old friend, Stephen Courtney. Stephen expressed his regret that Ernest had suffered such a disappointment, and there was really nothing else to be said in the premises. Stephen went on to say that he felt it incumbent on him—and his sister had suggested it—that he should find his friend a girl to take the place of the one who had disappointed him. Stephen had married, and he gave a broad hint that he thought his wife's sister would fill the bill. Southmayd was ready to catch at anything to heal his wound. The result was that a correspondence was arranged similar to the last one, except in this case, the object being from the first more definitely understood, the period was shorter. In due time the lady, Miss Alice Hathaway, consented to the nuptials. Southmayd wrote that he would go to America to claim his bride. But Miss Hathaway replied that she wished to procure her trousseau abroad and would prefer to meet him in Paris and marry him there.

Southmayd did not like to risk his fiancee even for a passage of the Atlantic ocean, but couldn't very well tell her that he had so little faith in her. So he assented to her plan. As he was preparing to start he received word from her that she had changed her plans and was sailing on the Mediterranean trip for Naples. This was a greater risk than he had bargained for, the distance to be traveled being greater, and the weather on this route being usually balmy, there would be more opportunity for flirting. But there was no way to call a halt, and he set sail to meet his bride.

It is quite a voyage from Hongkong to Naples, and a great deal transpired before Southmayd reached the latter point. He was to meet his bride at the —— hotel, and soon after going ashore he called upon her. The meeting was constrained on both sides. It did not seem that either was disappointed in the other, but there was nothing especially cordial, certainly not lover-like between them. But love was hardly to be expected by two persons who had not met before. After some ten minutes of interchange of commonplace remarks Southmayd said bluntly:

"You do not seem especially pleased to meet me. There is something on your mind—something concealed. I trust I am not about to hear that you have been married on the voyage."

"Not married, but I presume I may as well confess now as later. I cannot marry you."

"Are you disappointed in me?"

"By no means. Had you come for me I should have married you willingly. As it is, on the steamer coming out"—

"I knew it. On the steamer coming out you met a gentleman who walked the deck with you, sat by you in a steamer chair, read bits of romance or poetry to you, leaned over the forward rail in the moonlight when the ship was bounding over the billows. You placed your hand on the rail to steady yourself. His hand fell upon yours. You"—

"How do you know all this?" she interrupted.

"How do I know it? Because I have just been through the same experience myself. On the steamer between Hongkong and the canal I fell in with a lady as you fell in with this gentleman. The moon that shone on you and him shone on me and this lady. I laid my hand on hers and"—

"Enough! Are you engaged or married?"

"Married. When I found that I must yield to the fascination of an ocean trip with a beautiful woman and at the end of the voyage face one to whom I was already pledged I made up my mind to have it over with before I left the ship and face you already as a married man."

The lady stood staring at him for a few moments, then said:

"What's the matter with the ocean, anyway, that it plays with us thus?"

"I don't know. Byron says, 'The devil's in the moon for mischief.' He should have added 'a sea voyage.'"

In the Nick of Time

A Well Managed Scheme to Effect a Reunion

By F. A. MITCHEL

One day, passing a furniture store with a sign in the window "This Stock Must Be Closed Out at Once," I went in to look for bargains. I bought a lady's writing desk for my wife, little thinking that fate was using me for one of its strange freaks.

The desk was sent home and placed in a little room my wife used for a boudoir. While she was putting it in order, dusting out the drawers and pigeonholes, she espied the corner of an envelope exposed and pulled out a letter. It was sealed, addressed and stamped ready for the post. When I came in from business in the evening she told me of her find and asked what she had better do about the matter of its delivery to the person for whom it was intended.

It was addressed to a hotel, where the occupants are constantly changing. I told my wife that there would be no more harm in our opening it than a government official at the dead letter office doing so and we would then know better what to do. But first I would telephone to the hotel where the letter was addressed to see if John Ridgewood, the addressee, was staying there.

An answer came that the gentleman had been there not long before, but was not there then, and the hotel management did not know where he was to be found. Having, as I thought, done my part of the work, I settled down to read the evening newspaper, while my wife opened and read the letter. Presently she came to me, her eyes wet with tears.

"Henry, this is the saddest case I have ever known," she said. "A wife writes her husband, from whom she has been separated, telling him that she and their children are in sore distress. To get money for their necessaries she has been obliged to sell piecemeal their furniture, including many of the presents given them when they were married. She begs him to return to her and all will be forgiven."

"Well, my dear," I said to her, "one would suppose from your distress that you were the deserted wife."

"I feel keenly for this poor woman," she said, "and I am going to try to find her husband and send him back to her. Why will men act so brutally?"

"You are indulging a feminine trait in condemning him unheard, Ethel," I replied. "However, I will aid you in any effort you choose to make to unite a divided family. My opinion is that instead of hunting up the husband you had better communicate with the wife and tell her that her letter has not reached its destination. Then you will know better how to act, if indeed you act at all. You must remember that persons who mix themselves up in other persons' affairs are liable to bring trouble upon themselves."

"I don't care," was the reply to this caution. "It is perfectly plain from what this woman says that her husband has treated her shamefully, and she must be an angel to offer to forgive him."

"Just so," I remarked and returned to my newspaper.

Later my wife showed me the letter she had written the deserted wife—a letter exhibiting a great deal of sympathy and assuring the poor woman that she must have a very forgiving spirit to offer to take back such an unfeeling man. I forbade Ethel to send the letter, telling her that the only missive I would consent to was one simply announcing that a letter had been found and asking for instructions in the matter. Ethel did as I suggested, and in due time a reply came which she read to me.

The trouble between the pair was that the husband insisted in treating the wife's mother outrageously. "A case of mother-in-law!" I exclaimed when my wife read this. The wife had written the letter to her husband without her mother's knowledge or consent and left it on the desk to be posted. The mother, finding it there, had put it in a drawer. The desk had soon after been sold to get money to pay bills. The letter must have slipped down behind the drawer. Its writer acquiesced with her mother that it should never have been written. Ethel was requested to burn it.

"There is one little matter that is not stated," I said to my wife when she had finished reading the letter—"the mother-in-law, finding the letter on the desk, hid it between the drawer and the back of the desk and gave her daughter reason to suppose that it had been posted."

"How do you know that?"

"I don't. I surmise it."

"Well, what shall I do?"

"If you wish to confer a blessing on this family I would recommend your sending an infernal machine to the mother-in-law."

"Don't be ridiculous. This is a serious matter. The letter may have providentially fallen into our hands to reunite a divided family."

"And to divide a united one."

"What do you mean by that?"

"What I said before about mixing ourselves up in other people's affairs. Quarrels beget quarrels, and before we get through with the matter we may get into a fracas ourselves."

"That's simple nonsense."

My wife wrote a great many letters to the poor woman with the brutal husband, but I would not consent to her sending any of them. I knew that the mother-in-law held the fort, and so long as she did the situation would remain as it was. Therefore I saw no object in delivering the letter to the husband, for whom it had originally been intended. I persuaded Ethel to put it away. If Providence decreed that we were to make use of it to bring about the reunion of a divided family we would find it out in time. But I consented that Ethel should write the injured wife that should she ever have occasion to make use of the letter to let her know.

After some time a reply came containing an apology for the delay in writing, stating that "poor, dear mamma" had been very ill, and "I fear I shall not have her with me long."

"Let us hope," I remarked, "that she may be soon transferred to"—

"John!" exclaimed my wife severely.

Notwithstanding this shock I had given Ethel I noticed that every morning after that she took up the newspaper and carefully scanned the death notices. Three months passed before her daily watch was rewarded by seeing a notice of the death of Mrs. Steadman, "beloved mother of Mrs. John Ridgewood." I knew what had happened from the pleased look on Ethel's face when she looked up from the paper at me—a look she strove in vain to conceal.

"That poor woman," she said, "has lost her mother."

"Sad, isn't it?" I replied.

"The funeral is to take place on Thursday."

"What have we to do with that?"

"Why, I'm thinking that after it's all over we might send that letter."

"Perhaps it won't be necessary. The brute may see the notice and go home."

"I do wish you wouldn't be so cynical. Even if he does see the notice he may not go home. He may feel too antagonistic to his wife."

"She can write him another letter. The old lady having taken her departure, it will probably get into the mail."

"You have no evidence that she intentionally prevented the other one from getting there. The wife may not feel in the mood to write another letter. I'm going to send the one we have to the husband—that is, if you can discover his present address."

"That's legitimate." I assented. "Holding a letter addressed to him, you have a perfect right and good reason to deliver it to him. I think the day after the funeral would be a good time. The wife, having lost her mother, will probably have a soft spot in her heart for her husband."

Ethel was so pleased at the idea of being instrumental in a reconciliation that she failed this time to reproach me for my cynicism, begging me when I went to business to look up the address of John Ridgwood that we might have it by the time his mother-in-law's remains were transferred to the cemetery. I had some trouble in finding the desired address since Mr. Ridgewood had removed to a nearby city. Indeed, I did not find it for a week after his mother-in-law's funeral. As soon as I received it I put the letter his wife had written him into an envelope, addressed it to him and mailed it. I feared certain reproaches contained in it as to his treatment of the old lady might antagonize him, but since the cause of the rupture was now removed and the rest of the letter showed deep affection I hoped for the best.

One evening about a week after the forwarding of the letter, when my wife and I were reading in the library, there was a ring at the doorbell and a card bearing the name of John Ridgewood was brought in.

"Show him in here," Ethel said to the maid, anxious to hear what he had to say.

Mr. Ridgewood, instead of showing that brutish cast of countenance which might have been expected of him, was a benevolent looking, frank spoken gentleman.

"I have called to thank you," he said, "for forwarding to me a misplaced letter and to tell you that it came in the nick of time to restore me to my wife and children. Ours was a case of"— He hesitated.

"Mother-in-law," I supplied.

"Right! So bitter had been the breach that I doubt if after her mother's death my wife would have written me another such letter, and I confess I intended to remain away from her forever unless she did. The letter, coming immediately after my wife's bereavement, turned the scale for both of us. I am happy to say that I found my children quite well, and"—

"Your mother-in-law in heaven," I supplied.

"Poor woman!" my wife added, with a frown at me.

"I dare say," Mr. Ridgewood went on, "that I should have borne with more patience, for my wife's sake and for family reasons if for no other, those little frictions which are liable to arise in any family"—

"Where there is an element of discord in an outsider," I supplied again. Since I did not this time specialize, my wife refrained from attempting to frown me down.

"Please tell your wife how deeply I sympathize with her in her bereavement," said Ethel to the caller.

"With pleasure," replied Mr. Ridgewood. "My wife joins me in thanks to you, madam, for having brought about our reunion. She tells me that she requested you to burn the letter."

With that the gentleman took his departure, and we saw him no more. Ethel says that if I had not interfered with her forwarding the letter when we found it the matter might have been settled long before. That's all the thanks I get for keeping her out of a fiery furnace.

Got Even With the Lawyer.

Many years ago there lived in Camden, Me., two neighbors, Dr. Huse and Judge Thayer. The doctor had occasion to sue a man and of course employed his neighbor, the judge, as his counsel. After a session of court he met the judge and asked about his case. The judge said it was continued. Meeting him again after another session and asking again about his case, the same answer was given.

As it cost $2 or $3 each time it was continued, the doctor thought by the time it was settled, after paying the judge, he would get nothing.

Some time afterward the judge was afflicted with a felon and, of course, employed his neighbor, the doctor. After suffering awhile he met the doctor and said: "Doctor, this thing is getting along very slowly. I have walked the floor nights for a week. What are you doing to it?"

The doctor, who stammered, loudly replied, "Co-co-continuing it, by George!"

Attended to Beforehand.

When Judge Stewart of Vermont presided at the trial of a negro charged with the murder of another of his race he admitted afterward to friends that he had serious doubts of the prisoner's guilt until he began to pronounce sentence. The negro had pleaded not guilty and repeatedly on being questioned had asserted with much emphasis, "I didn't do it!" The evidence was not convincing, and the judge was surprised when the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. His doubts vanished when, after reminding the negro that he had been duly tried by a jury of twelve men, etc., he said: "It is my duty to warn you that your days on earth are numbered, and it behooves you to avail yourself of the little remnant of time allotted to you to make your peace with God."

Just there the negro broke in with the exclamation, "Ah done dat already, jedge, befo' Ah went out ter kill dat niggah!"—New York Sun.

Important Postscript.

William H. Taft when he was president never overlooked an opportunity for a joke. In the closing months of his administration Henry L. Stimson, then secretary of war, wrote Mr. Taft a very urgent request that he give a friend of Stimson a certain federal position.

Mr. Taft wrote to Stimson as follows:

My Dear Stimson—I am sorry I cannot do anything for your friend in response to your letter of today. I would like to accommodate you, but it is impossible. Sincerely yours, WILLIAM H. TAFT.

Under that he write:

Turn over.

Then Mr. Stimson read on the other side of the paper:

I couldn't do it today because I gave the fellow the job yesterday.

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A PARIS LANDMARK

And What Happened to An American

By F. A. MITCHEL

When MacKnight Wentworth was in Paris he stopped at a hotel in the oldest part of the city, and the building was so ancient that no one could tell him when it had been built.

That was the year the czar of Russia visited Paris, and every nook in the city was filled with the crowd of visitors who came to witness the festivities attending his reception. Wentworth was lodged in a part of the house that had not been occupied before within the memory of any one connected with the hostelry. His room was a small one and wainscoted. There was no closet in it and no hooks on which to hang any clothing. Every one about the hotel was too busy to pay any except ordinary attention to a guest, so Wentworth went out and bought a few nails, with a view to driving them into the wall to serve as hooks.

He had driven three nails and was at work on a fourth when the panel into which he was driving it began to slowly slide on rollers to one side. It stopped, leaving a gap just wide enough to allow a person by stooping to pass through. The wall had been cut away, but, since it was dark beyond, Wentworth could not see what was there, and for a time he was too much astonished to make an exploration. The blows of the hammer had shaken the panel, doubtless unloosening a spring which had held the door shut. This spring was easily found, close to the point where Wentworth had been driving the nail.

Timidity at length gave way to curiosity, and, lighting a candle that stood on a bureau, the American passed through the opening and entered a chamber. It was hung with tapestry and furnished in a style that dated back several centuries. A bedstead stood against the wall, with a canopy above, and the curtains were lowered. The windows had been bricked up. Wentworth pulled aside the bed curtains, and the dim light of his candle fell upon a figure betwixt a skeleton and a body, a woman dressed in a style of the period of Louis XIV.

Wentworth drew back. Again he found it necessary to give curiosity time to overtake timidity. But the former is a rapid mover, and in a few minutes he was examining the body. Taking hold of the dress, it crumbled. There was some jewelry on the body, earrings and a necklace, and the gems were large. Judging by the hair, in which there were no gray strands, the woman, if not young, was at least not old, and her apparel so far as it indicated anything indicated youth.

Wentworth looked up from the grewsome sight and turned his gaze about the chamber. There had been no effort to conceal the spaces where the windows had been, and he wondered if they had been left the same on the outside. He did not believe they had. He wondered if the room had been walled up before or after the woman had been confined in it. He looked about for another egress than the one by which he had entered and in a corner discovered a trapdoor. But there was no means of raising it, not a handle or even a ring. Having a strong pocketknife with him, he put a blade into the crack, but the trap was not to be moved, at least with such an instrument.

Suddenly he heard a sound like the shutting of a door. He started, the idea coming into his head that he might be shut up in this grewsome chamber. Looking toward the opening through which he had entered and through which had come a small quantum of light, he saw that the light had been shut off. With a rapidly beating heart he hurried to the place and found the panel closed. For awhile he was too horror stricken to look into the matter, but when he did the cause of the shutting of the panel was evident. When the spring that opened it was pressed a weight pulled it back. The cord by which the weight had been held had parted. For years, perhaps for centuries, it had rotted, and the jar occasioned by its recent opening had reduced it to a single strand, which had just given way. Could the spring be worked and the door opened from the side on which he stood? A hasty examination showed that it could not.

Wentworth was appalled. Shut up in a chamber without a single opening, with a candle that would not burn more than an hour, he began to fear he was doomed to the fate of the woman who had evidently died there. He might make a noise to attract attention, but why could he be heard any more than she? When he gathered his wits he bent his ingenuity toward getting out of his dilemma. He first tried to introduce the point of his pocketknife into the lock that held the panel. If he could disengage the catch that held it he could move it back against the force of the spring that closed it. But he failed to move the catch.

He next turned his attention to the trap in the floor, examining it carefully while his candle burned to discover some means of opening it. He could see no way whatever. Then he made an examination of the room to see if there might not be some other opening that he had thus far failed to notice. Holding his candle first high, then low, he examined the walls and the floor. There might be an exit concealed under the bed. Lifting the valance, he lay down on the floor on his stomach and thrust the candle as far underneath as he could reach. Finding no indications, he withdrew the candle, raised himself and was moving away when an odor of something burning came to his nostrils. Turning, he saw that he had set the valance of the bed on fire.

The idea of being burned to death or suffocated in this horrible chamber seemed worse even than dying of starvation. Tearing away the valance, he stamped on it. But the curtains had caught fire, and he tore down these also, exposing the bones that foretold his own probable fate. In this way he succeeded in putting out the fire.

But a new terror was in store for him. One-half an inch of the candle remained, and when it burned away he would be in darkness—in darkness with that horrible thing on the bed! He renewed his search, but was so agitated that he would not have been likely to detect a concealed opening if one were before him. Round and round the room he went, the candle ever burning lower. Thinking there might be an opening in the wall behind the bed, he endeavored to move it, but it was so heavy that it resisted his efforts. Then despair gave him strength for one concentrated push, and he moved it far enough to thrust the now flickering candle behind it. Alas, there was nothing but a bare wall!

His only hope now lay between the panel by which he had entered and the trap in the corner. He kicked upon the former, but it was solid oak. He turned from it to the trap, remembering that if all else failed he could keep up a continued hammering on the panel, so that in case a servant entered his room she would hear him. Once more he scrutinized every point in the outline of the trap, but as before he failed to see any indication of the fastening.

And now the candle began to flare in its socket. An irresistible fascination drew the prisoner's eyes to the be-jeweled corpse on the bed. Hideous as it was, it was the last connecting link between him and humanity. Then he covered his eyes with his hands, that he should not see the candle's last flicker, and when he removed them he was in total darkness.

The horror of that moment was never to be forgotten. But hope never dies, and hope inspires action. Feeling the way to the panel, he sat down beside it and began a rapping, which he resolved to renew every few minutes. Hours went by and no response. He did not expect a response—he only hoped for one. Unfortunately his room would not be put in order by the servant till the following morning, and the servants were so busy that it might not be put in order at all, unless he reported the matter at the office of the hotel. Remembering his watch, he remembered as well that he could not see it. Ah, but he could feel. Having wound it, he removed the glass from its face and felt, lightly as possible, for the hands.

It had been about 5 o'clock in the evening when he entered the room, and the hands now indicated 6. He had been there an hour. It seemed twenty-four hours. After all, there would be no use keeping up the rapping, since no one would be likely to enter the adjoining room till the next morning.

He resolved that he would spend some time while waiting in tapping all about the trapdoor in the floor in the hope that he might strike a spring that would open it. He had nothing to tap with, but thought of the heel of his boot and, taking it off, held it by the toe and began his work, pursuing it systematically in order that he might not go over the same ground more than once. He first tapped all around the edge of the trap for a distance of three feet, as nearly as he could tell in the dark. This occupied an hour. Then he began work on the wall beside the trap. He was tapping at a point as high as his head, his back turned to the trap, when he heard something behind him drop. Turning, he felt a current of cold air coming up through the floor and saw a square place a trifle lighter than the rest where the trap had been. It had opened, swinging downward.

Kneeling beside the opening, Wentworth explored with his hands and feet narrow winding steps. Without heeding where they led to he descended. The flight was a long one and as dark at one point as another. Finally when he reached the bottom he found himself standing on wood, but there were rotted parts, and, stamping on it, he easily broke it away.

He believed he was over a sewer, and he was. Indeed, he could see into it and that it was nearly empty. Dropping down on to the stones which formed the tube, he went toward a light some distance from him. The light also came toward him. It was a lantern in the hands of a sewer tender.

That is the end of the story so far as Wentworth's escape is concerned, but not the explanation of the cause of his imprisonment. He reported his experience to the authorities, and the historical society had the room examined and the record of the building looked up. All they could find out about it was that it had been built in the thirteenth century and during the reign of Louis XV., when private revenge occupied the place of law, had gained the reputation of being a place where certain persons obnoxious to certain other persons of power were put out of the way. But who the woman was whose body Wentworth found there was never learned. Doubtless she was the last of a number of persons who had been starved in that room.

LUXURY OF A TROPIC SEA.

Bathing In January With the Water at 90 Degrees.

Those who live in temperate and cold climates do not realize the effect of the sun's direct heat on the sea. The luxury of bathing in an ocean that has a temperature of 108 degrees, writes Mr. E. J. Banfield in "My Tropic Isle," is not for the multitude who crowd the cities that the sun touches tremulously and aslant.

On Nov. 21, 1909, we bathed at Moo-Jee, north Queensland, in shallow water, on the edge of an area of denuded coral reef fully two miles long by a mile broad. For three hours a considerable portion of the reef had been exposed to the glare of the sun, and the incoming tide filched the stored up heat from coral and stones and sand.

The first plunge provoked an exclamation of amazement, for the water was several degrees hotter than the air, and it was the hottest hour—8 o'clock in the afternoon—of a very hot day. No thermometer was at hand to register the actual temperature of the water, but subsequent tests at the same spot under similar conditions proved that the surface stratum of about one foot was at 108 degrees F., from four to six degrees hotter than the air. Below that the temperature of the water seemed ordinary and corresponded with that of the water a hundred yards from the shore.

On another day, Jan. 10, 1910, between noon and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the sea, scientifically tested, was found heated to 90 degrees. With the bulb buried in the sand six feet from the water's edge, the mercury rose to 112 degrees very quickly and remained stationary.

PLUCK THE FOREIGNER.

That Appears to Be the Patriotic Motto In Switzerland.

A foreign resident in Switzerland was fined 10 francs because his little girl had plucked three buttercups growing on a piece of land on which she and some half dozen children had for years been accustomed to play. The land had recently changed hands, and its new owner had put up a notice forbidding the plucking of flowers. A passing gendarme had found the children fragante delicto and had forthwith instituted proceedings against the little foreigner while letting the natives go scot free.

The child's father appealed against the sentence and by dint of hard fighting, which entailed, of course, expense, forced the higher court to reduce the fine from 10 francs to 3—i. e., one franc for each buttercup.

When I tried to learn the ways and wherefores of this case I was told by a Swiss that one-half of every fine levied goes to the gendarme who reports the offense for which it is levied, and also the Swiss gendarmes cannot fairly be expected to be quite as alert in taking proceedings against natives as against foreigners.

Further, I was told by an American that in Switzerland all foreigners rank as Egyptians and that the one Scriptural injunction that is faithfully obeyed there is that which ordains that Egyptians shall be spoiled.—From "The Latter Day Swiss" in Cornhill Magazine.

Proved Himself Competent.

An English nobleman engaged a tall and powerful highlander to act as gamekeeper on his estate. Having been a considerable time at his post and not having caught any poachers, the nobleman suspected his gamekeeper of carelessness. So one dark night he disguised himself and went out with a gun to poach on his own grounds. He had fired only one or two shots when he was suddenly pounced upon from behind and his gun wrenched away. Then kicks and blows were showered upon him until he fell down half insensible. The highlander then walked away quietly, and when the nobleman recovered sufficiently he crawled home and took to his bed for two weeks. He has now no doubts whether the man can perform his duty or not.

Even Lambs May Turn.

It appears that the lamb can turn as well as the proverbial worm. At Lampeter a flock of sheep was being driven along, and the accompanying dog threw a little extra ardor into the job of hurrying the animals. In doing so he paid special attention to a lamb, whereupon, to the delight of the onlookers, the lamb turned on his assailant. The dog took to his heels, and the lamb rushed after him into a shop, and no one knows what would not have occurred to the collie had not the farmer arrived and interfered.—Cardiff Western Mail.

As the Judge Saw It.

"Judge, how about putting this man on the jury?"

"What about him?"

"He has been indicted for various minor crimes, but has always managed to wriggle out."

"Then he deserves to be locked up. Let him serve."—Pittsburgh Post.

Must Have Grown Cold.

Ethel—I can't understand why she broke the engagement. Marie—Perhaps she got "cold feet." Ethel—That's no excuse. Jack offered to lay his burning heart at her feet when he proposed to her.—Boston Transcript.

The Test.

"My wife kisses me evenings when I get home late."

"Affection?"

"No; investigation."—Boston Transcript.

A man who can laugh at himself can laugh at the whole world.—Balzac.

Miss Mary E. Nolan Dead.

A beautiful Christian life was brought to a close when Miss Mary E. Nolan, of near Jacksonville, passed away on Tuesday of last week at the Bellefonte hospital. Her death followed an operation for the removal of a goitre. She had been in declining health for some time but bore her trials with Christian fortitude. Endowed with a genial disposition and possessing many other noble traits which had endeared her to a host of friends, her death came as a shock and was received with expressions of sincere sorrow. The deceased was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James C. Nolan and was born in Walker township on October 5, 1883, making her age at the time of her death 29 years, 11 months and 10 days. Funeral services were held from the home of her parents on Thursday and interment was made at Cedar Springs cemetery.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain at the Bellefonte postoffice for the last week: C. H. Campbell, L. A. McFarland, Mrs. John McConnell, Dr. D. J. Miller, Miss Lulu Rice, R. M. Robinson, Mrs. S. T. Stover, C. A. Spyker, Arthur Wilson. Foreign—P. Rusan, Vingenza Farretty. When called for please say advertised.

Married at Cumberland.

Miss Hazel Hardy, of Sandy Ridge, and Clarence Decker, of Huntingdon, were married in Cumberland, Md., on Saturday, Sept. 13th. Both are excellent young people and they will be at home to their friends after September 20th at Huntingdon, where the groom is employed in the pin factory.

Snow Shoe Man Weds.

William Lucas, of Snow Snow, and Mrs. Sarah Waite, of Northwood, were united in marriage last week by Rev. Mr. Ruch, of Snow Shoe.

Don't think that piles can't be cured thousands of obstinate cases have been cured by Doan's Ointment. 50 cent at any drug store.

Cures While you Walk.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. It instantly takes the sting out of corns, itching feet, ingrowing nails, and unions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Ladies can wear shoes one size smaller after using. It is a certain relief for sweating, callous and swollen, tender, aching feet. Try it today. Sold everywhere 25c. Trial package FREE Ad

BYRON W. KING'S SCHOOL OF ORATORY New Building and Dormitory.

Prepares for teaching, platform, stage. Cures stammering and other speech defects. English and Physical Culture. Send for prospectus.
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for Fire, Accident, Health, Steam Boiler, Employers Liability and Plate Glass Insurance.

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Don't Forget

That our years of experience in the lumbering business from stump to building is an asset to you if you buy from us any kind of building material.

WE ARE SELLING AGENT FOR

PAROID ROOFING

which is the best we know of. Don't forget the name. There are other makes named to deceive the unwary buyer. We alone sell Paroid in Centre Co.

Something New. Hazelwood Flooring.

Ceiling, Wainscoating and Finish, ready to fill and oil. It is beautiful, valuable and durable at less cost than other and less durable wood. We also sell genuine

Red Cedar Shingles

from the Pacific Coast (Not the Michigan White Cedar.)

On same terms and conditions we will furnish building material as low or lower than the mail order houses and you will keep your money circulating at home where you may get some of it back again in course of business.

We have for sale cheap, a lot of used Machinery, Engines, etc. Also shop-soiled Sash Doors, Moulding, etc. Come or write before buying elsewhere.

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Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Harry Keller,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Clement Dale,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office East High St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

J. Thomas Mitchell,
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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10. 6	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.12
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.32
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.		
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35		f 3.30
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.49		.....
	Strubles	f 7.45		3.50
	State College	8.00		f 5.08
	Krumrine	f 8.07		f 5.00
	Waddles			f 5.25
	Briarly	f		5.37
	Fillmore	f		f 5.38
	Hunters Park	f 8.31		f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35		f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	.....	f 5.50
A.	Bellefonte	8.50	.....	f 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
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AN encyclopædia on gardening, of 288 pages, 1000 splendid photo-reproductions, 4 color pages and 6 duotone plates. Full directions given for growing flowers, plants, bulbs, vegetables, lawn grass and farm seeds.
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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling.
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

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PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY THE ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
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FOR STOMACH TROUBLE AND CONSTIPATION

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Here and There.

Every one should see Uncle Tom and Eva tonight.

Mrs. Willis Bottorf and baby spent Sunday in Millheim.

Miss Alice Fox entertained with cards on Tuesday evening.

Ira G. Burkett, of Stormstown, was a visitor in town for court this week.

Jerry Rishel, of Coburn, served his country as a traverse juror this week.

William Brachbill will depart on Saturday for two weeks' camping in Virginia.

Miss Anna Taylor departed last week for Mt. St. Vincent's School on the Hudson.

Mrs. Shaner will entertain at dinner tonight in honor of Miss Marie Gherrity.

Dr. and Mrs. R. G. H. Hayes were arrivals home from Atlantic City last week.

Miss Sterrett, of Washington, D. C., is visiting here with Mrs. John S. Walker.

Miss Rachel Shuey returned home on Tuesday, after a visit of several weeks in Curwensville.

There was a sharp frost on Monday night, but many gardens were saved by the heavy fog.

W. H. Gardner, of Mackeyville, spent Tuesday in Bellefonte with his brother, M. I. Gardner.

Miss Mary Hicklen will entertain with cards on Saturday evening in honor of Miss Harriet Ray.

Mrs. G. S. Dumont, of New York, arrived in Bellefonte several days ago and is visiting here with friends.

The ladies of the Lutheran church will hold a sale of bread, pies, cakes, aprons, etc., on Saturday evening, next.

Mrs. James B. Lane entertained with two tables of bridge at the home of her sister, Miss Mary Thomas.

Mrs. Robert Morris and little son, A. G. Morris, 3d, will return next Tuesday from Kennebunkport, Maine.

Frank Allison, son of Hon. W. M. Allison, of Spring Mills, has resumed his studies at Mercersburg Academy.

W. R. Gainfort, 108 East Curtin Street, will open his next shorthand class on Tuesday evening, October 7th. 2t.

Miss Grace Lyon, one of the operators in the Bell Telepone exchange, visited last week with friends in State College.

Robert Frazier, of Philadelphia, president of the Bellefonte Central Railroad Co., was an arrival in town on Tuesday.

Robert Hartle this week received a new dairy wagon from a firm in Reading. The wagon is neatly and compactly built.

Mrs. Robert Roberts and child are visiting with her mother, Mrs. Denius, on Bishop Street. They arrived here last Friday.

The Margaret Wilson Missionary Band were pleasantly entertained on Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. Frank McCoy.

Laundryman Frank T. Kern will depart on Saturday for Virginia and will take with him a good supply of bait for bass fishing.

Mrs. Maynard Mauck and son, of Cleveland, Ohio, are visiting here with the former's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Daggett.

An arc light in Howard Street, midway between Allegheny and Spring Streets, is an improvement desired by residents of that section.

Mrs. Delong Frye, of Milton, is the guest of Mrs. Patsy Stewart Before returning home she will also visit with Mrs. Wilson I. Fleming.

C. A. Weaver, of Penna. Furnace, who is one of Centre County's progressive school teachers, was in town this week doing duty as a juror.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Mallalieu and children returned home on Saturday, last, after a few days' visit with Mr. Mallalieu's parents in Williamsport.

Mrs. Ross Hickock and children have returned to Harrisburg and tomorrow Mrs. D. H. Hastings and daughter Miss Sarah will depart for Philadelphia and New York.

William Hamilton, one of the right hand men at the Central Railroad Co., of Penna. yard in Bellefonte, had the misfortune to fall from a freight car last Wednesday. He sustained some painful bruises.

Miss Elizabeth Gephart is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. John Munson in Tennessee and Mrs. Gephart is staying with her son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace H. Gephart.

Lewis Lansberry is on the job as an engineer for the Central Railroad Co., of Penn., after a delightful vacation in Corning, N. Y. Mrs. Lansberry will remain in Corning a short time longer.

The Misses Mary and Dorothy Fryberger with a party of friends motored over from Philipsburg on Saturday, stopping over several hours in Bellefonte before continuing their journey to State College.

Miss Ada Powers entertained the Basket Shop corps last Friday evening, the function being in honor of Miss Marie Gherrity. On Wednesday evening Miss Pearl Knisely entertained for Miss Gherrity.

Uncle Tom's Cabin tonight at the Opera House.

Miss Mary Purdue, of Tyrone, recently enjoyed a week's visit here as the guest of Miss Nellie McClellan.

A. A. Pletcher, of Howard, has been a Bellefonte visitor this week, doing duty in court as a juror.

Mrs. Earl C. Tuten and little sons are visiting in Niagara Falls with her sister, Mrs. Harold Kirk.

Jerry Mowery and wife, of Youngstown, Ohio, are visiting friends in Centre County this week.

William R. Brachbill arrived home on Monday night from a business trip to Philadelphia and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Blanchard returned home on Monday evening from Philadelphia and Ridley Park.

Miss Myra Sechler returned on Monday from Franklin, where she enjoyed a visit of several weeks with her sister, Mrs. Cox.

Mrs. Charles McClellan and son, Robert, departed last Thursday for Pittsburgh for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Brady Fore.

M. M. Altenderfer, freight agent for the Central Railroad Co. of Penna., departed on Monday night, for a brief visit at Jersey Shore.

Wilbur Decker, son of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Decker, of Pine Grove Mills, enrolled this week as a student at the Bellefonte Academy.

Reuben T. Comly, of Union township, has been greeting friends in town during the week, his mission here being to render service as a juror.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Fred Musser and the latter's sister, Mrs. Philip D. Foster, of State College, departed on Monday night for Philadelphia and New York.

William G. Furst, of near Stormstown, has been in town this week doing duty as a juror. He was among the number chosen to dispose of the horse deal case.

Rev. Dr. Evans, Superintendent of the Altoona district, Methodist Episcopal church, was entertained over Sunday at the F. W. Crider home on West Linn Street.

Mrs. Rhuetta Hendricks, of Coon Rapids, Iowa, is being royally entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Johnson, stopping over here after a visit with friends in Lock Haven and Williamsport.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hipple and Mr. Hipple's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Hipple, of Gras Flat, Clearfield County, motored to Bellefonte last Sunday and were entertained at the M. R. Johnson home on Spring Street.

The annual welcoming reception and dance for students at the Bellefonte Academy was held in the Arcade Building on Monday evening and proved to be a most enjoyable function for all present. Music was furnished by Christy Smith's orchestra.

Charles Kelley, an inventor of toilet equipment and who has been living at the Garman House during the several years he has spent in Bellefonte, will go to Cincinnati in the next few days to remain for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Donachy, formerly of Bellefonte but for some years residents of Williamsport, will shortly remove to WilkesBarre, which city will be Mr. Donachy's new headquarters since his recent promotion in the service of The Bell Telephone Co. of Penna.

Bond Valentine, of Philadelphia, was an arrival in town on Wednesday of last week, coming up for his annual visit with old friends in Bellefonte. He is identified with the United Gas Improvement Company, in Philadelphia. His brother Edward is employed by the same company.

Porters and bellboys at the Bush House are stepping some these days each appearing in a neat blue uniforms for winter use. The most striking figure in all the downtown section is George Freeman, resplendent in his brand, new uniform and mustering up as much dignity as the colonel of a regiment.

Rev. Dr. Evans, District Superintendent, preached in the Bellefonte Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday morning and also at the quarterly conference on Monday evening. He was scheduled to preach at Curtin on Sunday afternoon but the service was cancelled at the last moment owing to the inclement weather. He preached at Milesburg on Sunday evening.

Ira D. Garman, of Philadelphia, and Allen S. and Robert T. Garman, of Tyrone, were in Bellefonte on Saturday for the public sale of property of the Garman estate. Roger Bayard accompanied Al. Garman in his automobile, it being their intention to devote a week to a trip to Philadelphia and other places. The rain on Saturday night and Sunday changed their plans and they returned to Tyrone on Monday.

The wedding of Edward L. Gates and Miss Mattie Shutt will be solemnized today at the Reformed church parsonage, Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt officiating. The groom is local editor of the "Gazette" and is popular with a wide circle of friends. His bride was for several years a member of the "Gazette" corps as a linotype operator and is a most estimable young lady. The many friends of the happy young couple extend best wishes and hopes for unlimited joy and prosperity.

Don't miss Uncle Tom's Cabin tonight, 25, 35 & 50c.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Dorworth, of Baltimore, Md., will visit here over Sunday with the former's parents, Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Dorworth.

E. J. Williams, who recently removed from Unionville to State College, was a juror in court this week. Since locating in State College he has been placed in charge of the office of the State-Centre Electric Co., at that place.

Isaac Mitchell and son, J. Thomas Mitchell, arrived home from Philadelphia on Tuesday night. While in Philadelphia Tom had the pleasure of standing on the fo'castle of the revenue cutter used by Surveyor of the Port Kurtz.

An interesting and interested visitor in Bellefonte on Tuesday was Calvin L. Pownell, now residing in Altoona but many years ago an engineer on the old Bellefonte & Snow Shoe railroad. In his earlier days he was employed in the "Democratic Watchman" office in Bellefonte but gave up the life of a printer to become a railroader. A number of old-time friends for whom Mr. Pownell inquired have passed away. Some of his acquaintances of years ago whom he greeted while in town were S. A. McQuistion, James Schofield, George Lose and David Barlett. Readers of "The Republican" will at once recall Mr. Pownell when we explain that he was the author of the very interesting narrative of early days on the old Bellefonte & Snow Shoe railroad published in these columns some months ago.

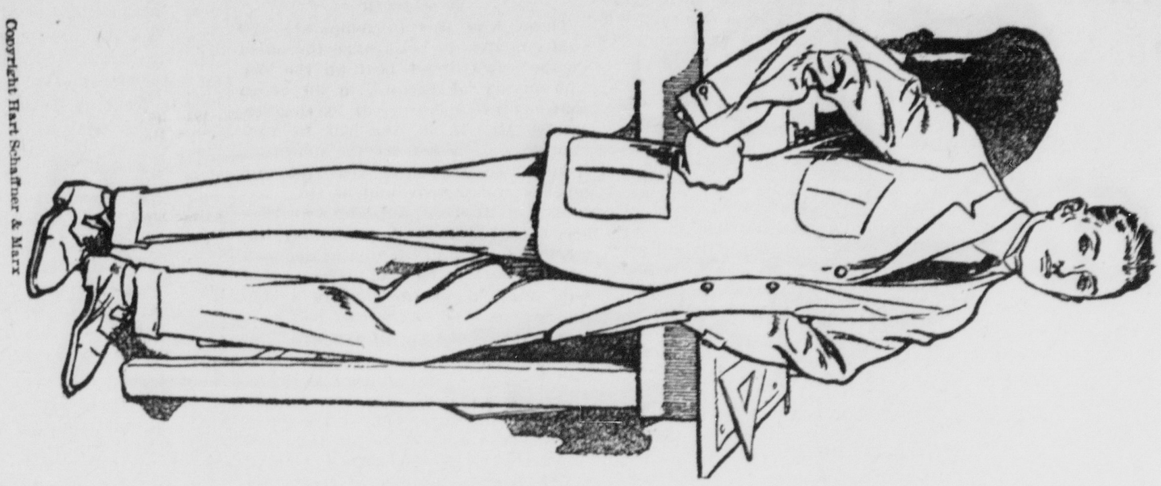
Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

George E. Miller Anna W. Sorg	Chambersburg. "
Ernest Williams Ethel Harris	Philipsburg. "
J Jos. Garbrick S. Della Stover	Bellefonte. "
Thos. C. Adams Bertha M. Hoy	Milesburg. Pleasant Gap.
Frederick D. Stover Stella Martin	Aaronsburg. Coburn.
Frank Shick Hedorga Kubrista	Curwensville. Clarence.
Harry G. Hubler Ethel W. Harter	Pittsburgh. Rebersburg.
Carl Tuks Anna Siko	Rush Twp. "
Geo. H. Derr Ethel Strunk	Bellefonte. "

Announces Millinery Opening.

Miss Myra Kimport wishes to announce her Fall and Winter millinery opening, at State College, Friday and Saturday, September 26th and 27th.



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You can dress as well as any man you know if you come here and ask for one of our new ready-to-wear.

Fall and Winter Suits or Overcoats

You'll pay $12.50, $15 or $18 or $20 or $25 the suit or coat; the difference in price is in the quality of fabrics and other materials.

But there's the same smart style, the same distinctive appearance in the $15 suit as if you pay $20 or $25.

We can beat anything else in these good clothes; we have America's best clothes makers build them for us according to our specifications and ideas. We get into them a distinctive, clever, pleasing style that is different and in good taste. Conservative and extreme models, there's a grace to them, their own.

Look into the matter; learn the real economy and satisfaction in buying the best—get style that is stylish.

We've an assortment of these good clothes surpassing in variety of selection any line shown in Central Penna.

SIM THE CLOTHIER

BELLEFONTE, STATE COLLEGE

Our New Heavy Weight Blue Serge Suits $20.00

A blue serge suit is always good form. No gentleman's wardrobe is complete without a blue serge suit.

This Fall we secured a rare selection of the finest tailored Heavy Weight Blue Serges that the famous Adler-Rochester makers have ever turned out.

The woolens in these Heavy Weight Blue Serges is the finest that the expert buyers and their great firm's immense purchasing power could buy.

That's why we secured the new models in

ADLER-ROCHESTER CLOTHES

They seem to have a new touch of smartness—these new Adler-Rochester Models do—just the right "snap and go" in the cut of the coat and the slightly narrowed trousers.

The tailoring is a perfect example of what caused the Adler-Rochester factory to be called "The Finest Tailoring Institution in the World."

Montgomery & Co.